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THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

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Questions Out of Munich

The list of questions raised by the Munich conference is far longer than that of things settled. Is international morality to be regarded henceforth as completely a myth? Did Chamberlain's speech announcing in effect that Great Britain will in the future fight only in self-defense mean the abandonment of the League of Nations idea? Is Russia to be isolated by means of a four-power pact in the West either hostile to her or at best guaranteeing neutrality of the other three powers while Germany launches an attack on the Ukraine? Does the Little Entente cease to exist?

Having yielded everything possible to Der Führer, what will Mr. Chamberlain now yield to Mussolini? Will he, for instance, give Italy a large loan to prevent financial catastrophe? Will he translate his covert hostility to the Spanish Loyalists into open aggression, blockading the coast in order to force a negotiated peace? Which represents Mr. Chamberlain's real view: his statement that he came back from Munich bringing "peace with honor," or his demand that the tempo of British armament now be redoubled? And are we not likely to see an agreement between Great Britain and Japan, in the interest of "peace," under which Japan would control North China with the British getting the Yangtze Valley and Canton?

Mr. Roosevelt and the Crisis

Washington dispatches say that Mr. Roosevelt is greatly pleased about his intervention in the European crisis. He feels that his two appeals to Hitler, his flattering message to Mussolini and the bombardment of auxiliary notes to other governments had a decisive effect. As a result, we are being told that "collective security" is to the fore again, and that "isolationists" should be correspondingly cast down. Life would indeed be simple if national policies and international affairs were so easily and quickly changed. It is always a mistake to assume that single actions of single individuals suddenly reverse the course of history. Hitler and Chamberlain in September, 1938, both ran true to form. There is no reason to believe that Mr. Roosevelt's intervention turned the scale between peace and war. And in spite of the President's desire to play a leading role in crushing the aggressor nations before his term in office expires, there is still no reason to believe that the American people are any less fearful of foreign entanglement than before. Indeed, there is much indication that their desire to keep aloof has been greatly strengthened.

Teuton and Slav

Under the Munich agreement, the Germans come into possession of the military frontiers of Czechoslovakia, and the latter republic sinks to the status of a weak neutralized state, unable to offer any considerable resistance to a German advance into the Central European basin. This advance may not be immediately military; more likely it will consist in aggressive development of the German economic position there, accompanied of course by the Nazi ideological ideas.

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Under these circumstances, a situation is created similar to that of the old Austro-Hungarian attempts to influence and control the Balkan area; and this new *Drang nach Osten* seems likely to be resisted by Soviet Russia, precisely as the old one was resisted by Tsarist Russia. Indeed it is difficult to understand how the Soviet Union can do otherwise than attempt to organize and stiffen Balkan resistance; for if it does not succeed in doing this, it is certain within a measurable period of time to be confronted by a Germany so powerful as to be able to dictate the destiny of Eastern Europe. "Too much attention," remarked M. Stoyadinovich, Premier of Yugoslavia, some months ago, "should not be paid to diplomatic maneuvering. The fundamental conflict in this part of Europe is the historic struggle between the Teuton and the Slav." The ancient role of Russia as the protector of the lesser Slav states may shortly be revived, with what ulterior consequences it is not easy to foretell.

Tangled Threads in the Orient

While the European crisis was occupying all our thoughts, the campaign in China was proceeding; Japanese gains were, however, few. Their most dangerous advance has been in the vicinity of Loyang, where they are now very near the Peiping-Hankow railway. If this line is cut, Hankow will lose its direct communication with Soviet Russia via Sian. The Japanese boast of "Hankow by October 1" has not been justified by the event and the possibility of another winter in the field looms grimly before the Tokyo high command. Again rumors are heard of an attack on Canton to sever Hankow's main line of supply; fear of complications with the British, which have hitherto restrained the Japanese from attempting such an operation, may perhaps be offset by British weakness in Europe. The departure from the Cabinet of Foreign Minister Ugaki may be a prelude to a more truculent policy; color is lent to this supposition by the Japanese threats of retaliation against any members of the League of Nations which may presume to apply sanctions against Japan. On the other hand it may be a preliminary shift in a tortuous policy out of which may come some sort of British-Japanese agreement based on Chamberlain's ideas of "realism" and of making deals with aggressors at the expense of their victims. The Soviet attitude toward all this is apparently one of watchful waiting; the reported arrest of Marshal Blücher, if confirmed, may prove to have been occasioned by his impatience with this policy.

A New Crop of Refugees

Once again the world is confronted with a spectacle of mass misery such as was never seen in modern times until Hitler came along and showed us bigger and better human anguish. In the Sudeten area there are thousands of Jews, Czechs, German-speaking Social Democrats and other opponents of the Nazi regime. These people are being subjected to such treatment that already a wave of suicides has begun like that which followed the march into Austria. When Hitler can lay his hands on his opponents, they go to German concentration camps for torture or execution or torture followed by execution. Persons of any means, and Jews in particular, are held for ransom, a technique which this World Public Enemy Number One has developed to a fine art. From Prague come reports that already 70,000 persons have fled from the Sudeten areas; there is some doubt whether all who wished to flee were permitted to do so. It is also a question whether those who got away and now face the world penniless and all but friendless are much better off than those who stay behind. Hitler could bathe luxuriantly in the tears he has caused to be shed.

Mr. Dewey Enters Politics

New York State Republicans have selected District Attorney Thomas E. Dewey as their gubernatorial candidate. They did so in spite of the fact that he is young and politically inexperienced and has never shown much interest in public affairs, aside from his spectacular racket-smashing. The Republicans chose him because he is almost the only member of their party in the state who is widely known and popular. Many people have asked the obvious question whether Mr. Dewey would not be more useful to the community if he served out the remaining three years of his term of District Attorney than by going to Albany. It looks as though the inquiry would be hypothetical; Governor Herbert Lehman has agreed to run for a fourth term on the Democratic ticket, and political wiseacres are predicting he will win in November.

The Labor Party Shows Its Colors

The American Labor Party of New York State, meeting in convention, endorsed the Democratic nominations of Governor Lehman and Senator Wagner for reëlection, of Judge Poletti for Lieutenant Governor, and of Congressman Mead for Senator to fill out the unexpired term of the deceased Senator Copeland. These nominations by the Democrats represented in part concessions to obtain the Labor Party's support—particularly the withdrawal of Mr. Lehman from the senatorial candidacy and the substitution of Mr. Mead, a thoroughgoing New Dealer, and the nomination of Judge Poletti. For Controller and other officers, including state legislators and congressmen, the Labor Party put up independent candidates. Its former decision to support Republicans in local New York City elections apparently had its intended result by bringing the Democratic machine to terms. In spite of the defection of the officials of the New York State A. F. of L., the Convention included delegates from many A. F. of L. unions, and the declarations of leaders indicated

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an expectation that a large labor vote would be held together as a balance of power in the state. With this support for the Democrats, the chances of District Attorney Dewey, nominated for Governor on the Republican ticket, look pretty slim. Labor approves Mr. Dewey's efforts to clean up city racketeering, but it knows little about his attitude toward state and national politics and is uncertain of his caliber as a candidate for higher offices.

Record of a Week

Tuesday, September 27: With armies mobilized throughout Europe, peace seemed to hang by a thread. Prime Minister Chamberlain made a radio speech whose net effect was of great pessimism. President Roosevelt sent a second appeal to Hitler not to resort to force, and also addressed urgent messages to the heads of many other nations, especially Mussolini.

Wednesday: Germany postponed mobilization twenty-four hours. Hitler accepted Chamberlain's suggestion of a new conference and, taking the initiative, invited the Prime Minister, Daladier and Mussolini to meet him in Munich next day. The news came to England dramatically, in the midst of Chamberlain's speech to an emergency session of Parliament.

Thursday: the heads of the four governments met at Munich and agreed upon a solution of the Czechoslovak question which differed only slightly from Hitler's Godesberg ultimatum. Four large areas were to be occupied by Germany progressively through ten days. Other parts, also large, were subject to plebiscite. Hungarian and Polish demands were to be met, after which the four powers would guarantee the boundaries of what remained of the country.

Friday: Chamberlain, returning to London, announced an Anglo-German intention "never to go to war." Czechoslovakia submitted in order to avoid what Premier Jan Syrovy called "a massacre."

Saturday: Germany began the occupation of Sudetenland. Poland, after an ultimatum to Prague, took over the Teschen district. While the dominant emotion throughout Europe was rejoicing that war had been averted, doubts and misgivings began to be expressed as to the permanence of peace and the terrible price the democracies had paid. Albert Duff Cooper, First Lord of the Admiralty, resigned from the British Cabinet in protest.

Sunday: Under heavy pressure, Czechoslovakia agreed to negotiate with Hungary regarding her demand for a territorial adjustment. Chamberlain sent Premier Daladier assurances that France has nothing to fear from the new Anglo-German agreement. There were unconfirmed rumors that Italy might withdraw her troops from Spain and that the Spanish war might be ended with a compromise solution.

Monday: Chamberlain's policy was bitterly attacked in the House of Commons by Duff Cooper, Clement Attlee, Labor leader, Anthony Eden and others. Chamberlain announced a $50,000,000 loan to the Czechs, and said he hopes to meet Mussolini this month. Sumner Welles, American Assistant Secretary of State, hinted strongly that the time is ripe for a worldwide conference on economic problems and limitation of armament.

Nemesis Postponed

THE RELIEF FROM FEAR of an immediate outbreak of war, following the Munich four-power conference, was succeeded by despondency over the price that had been paid for peace. Hitler had gained, and by the threat of force, almost everything he demanded. In the face of readiness on the part of the British and French to go to war, he had conceded only a delay of ten days in armed occupation of Sudetenland. Czechoslovakia is gone as a barrier to Germany's southeastern expansion. The Little Entente is gone. The Soviet Union is isolated. The prestige of Britain and France can no longer prevent any European nation, otherwise inclined to do so, from falling under Hitler's influence. Germany now has access to resources in Europe that will make her far more formidable. No guarantee has been obtained that German or Italian aggression will not go further. There is merely the assertion in Hitler's speech that after swallowing the Sudetens he wants no more territory in Europe. Time after time he has violated similar unilateral statements. The main implication of the events of the past few weeks is that France and Britain can have peace—as long as they will submit to Hitler's will. Dictatorship has won over democracy.

It is futile now to argue whether Hitler was really bluffing; whether a firmer stand might not have led him to retract. In either case the result is the same. If he bluffed, and bluffed as successfully as this, he was either shrewder or more courageous than his opponents, and so more influential henceforth. If he was not bluffing, and they knew it, they confessed to fear of his military power and can be similarly cowed any number of times in the future.

It will take time to understand the full implications of this major event in world history, but at least one thing is clear—it is the end of the system established by the Treaty of Versailles. What that "settlement" sought to establish—in the eyes of the idealists, a world concert of powers pledged to peace by collective secu-

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rity, and in the eyes of the realists, a permanent subjection of the defeated nations by an iron ring under French influence—is gone irretrievably. In order to understand what this means we must go back a little. As an aid to doing so it may be well to reprint part of an editorial published by The New Republic on April 5, 1933, a few weeks after Hitler came to power. We wrote then:

"During the War it was held by a minority throughout the world that the only possible basis of a durable peace would be a settlement avoiding punitive terms by the victors. If a sound world organization were to be built, it must rest on substantial equality among nations able and willing to coöperate. President Wilson's Fourteen Points seemed to offer the German people the substance of this hope, and in this understanding the Socialist revolution occurred and the discussion of peace terms began.

"The Treaty of Versailles, drafted and imposed by the victorious Allies, was a betrayal of the hope. Using the many separatist nationalisms which had sprung up during the War, it carved Europe into a congeries of states which not only split the old Austro-Hungarian empire, trimmed great slices out of Germany and set up well-nigh impregnable obstacles against any Germanic hegemony of Central Europe, but destroyed the possibility of economic units large enough to maintain prosperity under the conditions of modern technique, unless the new states were willing and able to join with one another in a single producing and consuming aggregate. But French political policy, aiming to maintain a ring of allies about Germany, made such economic unity impossible. The reparations sections of the Treaty, in turn, placed upon Germany a fantastic burden of debt which she could not have carried even if she had retained her pre-war economic strength, and which was merely ludicrous under the actual conditions. The Allies treated revolutionary Germany, ready to live at peace with the world, as if it were still governed by the worst Prussian Junkerdom, and as if the only hope for the future were to keep it in economic and political subjection.

"Then began a long struggle, carried on faithfully by reasonable groups outside of Germany as well as by Germans themselves, to revise this disastrous settlement. The New Republic protested against the terms of the Versailles Treaty as soon as they were known, and opposed the entrance of the United States into the League of Nations because it was to be used as a binding cement of the Treaty rather than as a means of future international accommodation. Little by little the reparations burden was pared down and readjusted, but only as a result of a series of crises which enforced readjustment, and always too late to prevent these crises. Meanwhile, attempts to undo the damage wrought by other sections of the peace settlement all fell by the wayside. Efforts to build up customs unions which would make the crazy political boundaries unimportant were defeated, partly by the opposition of France even to an economic reconstruction of Central Europe, partly by the failure of the United States to grant the tariff concessions which the existence of 'most-favored-nation' treaties with us made necessary. Actual territorial readjustments of course contained so much international dynamite that they could not even be seriously discussed.

"Meanwhile, the poison of a misgoverned world was working within Germany. No revolution can last indefinitely which is not successful and the German revolution could not bring material advances to the German people. The economic situation checkmated it at every turn. The Socialists of course failed to produce anything like socialism but, even if they had done so, the new Germany could scarcely have prospered as a self-contained and isolated socialist state. A realization of this, and a continued hope that a policy of reasonableness would produce reasonableness in the victors, prevented the government of Germany from doing anything except trying to play the game according to the rules which had been imposed by the Allies. It was inevitable in these circumstances that their prestige and power should suffer. Two radical groups of opposition grew—one, the Communists, who looked to the eventual world revolution as the way out, and the other, the Nazis, who reverted to extreme nationalism, blamed the republic and its rulers for the nation's ills, and made the injustices of Versailles the symbols of their bid for power.

"By convincing the Germans that they had been betrayed in the peace, and by failing over a long period to correct the injustices there begun, the victorious nations gradually turned millions of radically inclined Germans into the nationalist camp. Workers and petty bourgeoisie, sweating under economic injustices, became convinced that these injustices were due, not, as the Socialists and Communists taught, to the class organization of capitalist society, but rather to the suppression of German power and independence. Such a movement was capable of being used, and was used, by great industrialists and financial powers (including French interests themselves) to checkmate the growth of the Left. It thus throve on the opposition of the only truly internationalist movement in Germany and, finally, somewhat to the discomfiture of many of those who had nurtured it, was swept into power. The policy of international peace without victory having been so long suppressed, the peace imposed by victory is now facing a threat felt on every hand to be of the utmost seriousness.

"The last-minute effort of Mr. MacDonald to bring about concessions to Germany which should have been made years before was a tragic illustration of the social lag. This type of proposal is now too late, in two

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senses. It is probably too late to be accepted by France and the Little Entente, since their fear of a Germany in which exclusive nationalism is in the ascendancy is far more lively than was their fear of the previous regime. And even if the concessions were made, it would be too late to strengthen the elements in Germany with which the world can live in economic and military peace. Rather it would prove to the Germans that a policy of threat and bluster, of narrow nationalism, can gain what a policy of compromise and accommodation could not gain. The present ruling powers would not be appeased by concessions; rather their appetite would be whetted. It would be an international crime to turn over to the insensate stupidity of the new German government any populations, even German populations. And to strengthen them economically, or in military power, far from alleviating the plight of the oppressed German classes, would merely encourage the ruling powers to hope that a new war, precipitated at a favorable moment, could be successfully waged.

"The world must suffer, the innocent with the guilty, because it has not learned the lesson of equality and coöperation."

If it was too late to make concessions when Hitler came to power, how much too late is it now! Faced with this tragic dilemma, the French and British waited until Hitler was strong enough to threaten serious warfare to enforce his will. They have waited also until it was too late to stop him by military power. They let him take, unopposed, a long series of aggressive steps—in rearmament, in reoccupation of the Rhineland, in Spain, in Austria. They might have prevented his earlier successes; they might possibly have forced him to forgo even this one. Henceforth they surely cannot stop him anywhere, so long as he wishes to advance, without a bloody struggle, and perhaps not even with that.

Where the next point of friction will come it is impossible to know. Britain and France may stand aside while Hitler, after gaining supremacy in Hungary and the Balkans, attacks the Soviet Union. Or the Soviet Union, faced with isolation and the collapse of its diplomatic policy of the past five years, may make terms with Germany and leave her free to deal with Britain and France. Mussolini, on the verge of a serious economic decline, may profit from his good offices in maintaining peace by a loan which will bolster his regime. In any case the "great democracies" have connived to extend the rule and power of fascism, and fascism as an international force will gain tremendously before it begins to lose. We must adapt our minds and our policies to a recognition of that ugly fact. It is a fact of tremendous implications, which will in the end change the whole structure of our thinking about world affairs.

Are Rail Wages High?

THE RAILROAD MANAGEMENTS are demanding that their workers agree to a 15-percent wage cut. In an attempt to gain public sympathy, they are sponsoring a vast amount of propaganda. One of their loudly voiced claims is that the railroads' average hourly wage rate is the highest in the industry's history. At a time when a third of the nation's railroads is in bankruptcy, and another third teetering on the brink, labor—say the managements—is taking an arbitrary, selfish stand.

It is true that the railroads' hourly wage rate is higher than ever before. But this doesn't mean that, in comparison with other industries or with the workers' living costs, it is high. The workers' national bargaining agency, the Railway Labor Executives' Committee, of which Mr. George M. Harrison is head, has undertaken to answer the managements' claims, and has set forth the workers' case in a little pamphlet: "The Wages of Railroad Labor: 1938."

In 1920, under government operation of the railroads, the brotherhoods' leaders succeeded in pushing up the hourly wage rate to 71.1 cents. Private managements resumed control, broke the subsequent nationwide strike of shopmen and by 1926 had driven the rate down to 61.7 cents. Then came the Great Boom. Wage rates rose briskly in other industries, but the rate of railroad workers, by 1929, had risen only to 65.1 cents. Not until about a year ago did the brotherhoods' leaders finally obtain an advance that brought the rate to its present level, 72.1 cents.

A second claim of the managements concerns the worker's average annual wage. The managements say that in 1937 it was $1,736, one of the highest in the country. The workers deny this, declaring that the real average annual wage was only $1,115. The managements' figure, according to the workers, is taken from estimates submitted by them to the Interstate Commerce Commission. The workers' figure, $1,115, is taken from the records of the Railroad Retirement Board, and is based on actual wages paid out to actual workers. Moreover, the Retirement Board's figures show that in 1937, 50 percent of all railroad workers, or approximately 860,000 individuals, received less than $1,000—or less than the amount most authorities believe is a subsistence wage. Thirty-five and three-tenths percent received less than $500.

The workers use this 1937 average annual wage of $1,115 to answer the managements' final propaganda claim: that a 15-percent reduction in wages would lead to increased employment. Unquestionably it would. Many railroads would undertake additional work, particularly maintenance, if they could find the money. But —asks the Railway Labor Executives' Committee—at what wages? In 1937, a year of relatively good employment, the managements paid half their workers

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less than $1,000. Do they now hope—with the 15-percent cut—to get half their workers for less than $850? This would be spreading wage slavery, not employment.

A final decision in the present wage dispute is not expected until December. Meantime Mr. Roosevelt has asked Mr. Harrison and two union associates, together with three representatives of the managements, to formulate recommendations on the whole railroad problem. The brotherhoods' leaders contend that wages are not a basic cause of the industry's sickness. The real difficulty is that the roads are vastly overcapitalized; to quote the workers' statement: "The stockholder must take his loss through suspended dividends, labor must take its loss through reduced earnings and prolonged periods of unemployment, but the bondholder continues to take his tithe from the industry and makes no concession whatever."

In discussions of the general railroad problem, a final—and wholly unjust—accusation is repeatedly made against the workers. It is that they are obstructing railroad consolidation. Many experts doubt that any probable readjustment of the road's capital structures—any more than wage cuts—will bring the industry back to economic health. In the case of bankrupt roads, many readjustments have taken place. In the case of a number of other lines, voluntary negotiations with the bondholders have already been begun. But experts say that a far more drastic scaling down of fixed obligations will have to be forced by Congress and the administration before that by itself will solve the railroads' problem. They would like to see it accompanied by the operating economies that would come through consolidation, especially through the joint use of terminal facilities. They think that only in this way would the roads be able to lower their freight and passenger rates sufficiently to make them genuine competitors of trucks, buses, airplanes and water-borne carriers. Because consolidation would admittedly result in fewer jobs for the workers, the brotherhoods are loosely charged with opposing it.

The brotherhoods have an ironclad answer. They say that, either carelessly or deliberately, their accusers overlook the National Merger Agreement of May, 1936. This document was largely drafted by the brotherhoods and was accepted by every major line except the Southern Railway. It provides that workers whose jobs are abolished by consolidations are to receive from six months' to five years' pay, or equivalent annuities, together with certain other benefits, and is one of the most civilized labor agreements in our history. There is no reason to think that the brotherhoods are not entirely willing to abide by it.

Recently Mr. Roosevelt has shown that until the railroads put their finances in order, and avail themselves of the economies of unification, the administration will not support an attempt by the managements to solve their difficulties at the expense of the workers.

Chicago Inches Forward

CHICAGO has passed a milestone. Two white men have been found guilty of causing the death of a Negro, and have been punished for their act. To be sure, the punishment was not very drastic. The two men, Fred N. Herman and John T. Bowen, were police officers, and have been dismissed from the force. Two other policemen, who participated in the affair, were suspended briefly and have been reinstated. Even so, the punishment meted out to Bowen and Herman is almost unprecedented—for Chicago.

On April 2, a Negro named John Robinson created a disturbance; he had been drinking, but was not drunk. Officer Herman found Robinson on the street and after a little trouble, knocked him unconscious with his club. Herman then went for reinforcements, while bystanders carried the unconscious Negro into a nearby house. When more policemen arrived, they entered the house and efficiently proceeded to give Robinson a beating so severe that he died four days later.

After his death an inquest was held which, as is usual in these cases, turned into an attempt to whitewash the officers. Most of the daily papers ignored the matter. But Chicago's Negroes were aroused. Mass meetings were held, resolutions passed, committees formed. It took three months and a week to force the somnolent civil authorities into action. The results may not seem much of a victory for law and order, but Chicago believers in civil liberty are grateful for crumbs. They remember previous unsuccessful efforts to persuade Commissioner J. P. Allman, Chief of Police, to act against officers who have maltreated citizens. There was, for example, the Memorial Day massacre, an affair which never would have been investigated at all if Commissioner Allman had had his way.

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Pan-Germanism Redivivus

TWENTY YEARS after a world war fought to prevent German hegemony of the European Continent, a resurgent Germany, under Hitler's leadership, seems bent on achieving the objectives of which she was balked in 1918. Scanning newspaper headlines which echo those of pre-war days, the average man, like the characters of Priestley's play, has the uncanny feeling he has "been here before."

Striking parallels between 1914 and 1938 indicate the extent to which, in spite of new slogans like fascism and communism, geographic factors and national characteristics tend to repeat the pattern of pre-war history. Then, as now, Europe had been left uneasy by "local" wars—not in Ethiopia and Spain, but in Tripoli and the Balkans. Germany was challenging Britain on the high seas and in the colonies, and extending her economic influence in the Balkans. Yet in spite of her economic and military achievements Germany, then as now, was haunted by fear of encirclement. France's desire to regain Alsace-Lorraine aroused apprehension in Berlin. But Russia, acknowledged leader of the Slav peoples, was regarded as the principal threat to German security. Pan-Slavism, instead of communism, was the bogey of German politicians. While the Germans, in 1914, deprecated Russia's military efficiency, they believed that her economic development would eventually make her a danger to Central Europe.

Germany's ally, Austria-Hungary, with her large Slav population of Czechs, Croats and Slovenes, was even more alarmed by Pan-Slavism. The rise of Serbia, which with Russia's support was seeking to establish a kingdom of the South Slavs, challenged Vienna's rule over the Croats, and was used by Austrian militarists as an excuse for feverish military preparations. In Austria-Hungary, as today in Greater Germany, people were becoming accustomed to the idea of a general war, regarded as the only possible escape from the economic difficulties created by rearmament.

Confronted by Germany's naval expansion and drive to the East, Britain, France and Russia hastened their war preparations, and cemented their Triple Entente by naval and military consultations. While the British government had made no ironclad commitment regarding assistance to France, it was generally believed that Britain would come to the aid of the French in case of a German attack. It was not clear, however, what London would do if Germany or Austria-Hungary became involved with Russia over some issue of Balkan politics. Then, as now, Britain regarded Russia's political system with repugnance and its foreign policy—which London thought intransigent—with suspicion. Reluctant to divide Europe into two camps, and to precipitate irrevocable decisions, the British tried to placate Germany by concessions—not, as in 1938, on Austria and Czechoslovakia, but on Portuguese colonies and the Bagdad Railway. All Europe breathlessly waited for the next move of the unpredictable Kaiser.

When the "accident" occurred at Sarajevo on June 28, 1914, the Vienna government, having obtained a pledge of assistance from the Kaiser, sent an ultimatum to Belgrade which observers described at that time as a deliberate provocation. Its unconditional acceptance would have left Serbia at Austria-Hungary's mercy. Germany, grasping at the eleventh hour the implications of the Balkan crisis, tried to "localize" the conflict and, if worst came to worst, to obtain a pledge of British neutrality in case of war. This pledge Britain declined to give. Russia stood firmly by Serbia's side, but Berlin and Vienna hoped against hope that the Russians would stop short of military action. France had no desire for war. But since 1870 she had awaited the hour of *revanche,* and Poincaré, a Lorraine patriot, could not easily forgo this opportunity to recover the lost provinces. Britain worked feverishly to effect a compromise, underestimating the almost hysterical fear which Slav nationalism had inspired in Vienna. In spite of repeated warnings by Lichnowsky, German Ambassador in London, the German government persisted in believing that Britain would not intervene in Central Europe. In 1914, as in 1938, the French insisted that nothing but a clear-cut declaration of British policy "would arrest the avalanche." This declaration Britain was finally compelled to make on August 3, 1914, too late to stop the wheels of war set turning by mobilizations on the Continent. The German Reichstag, listening to Chancellor Bethmann-Hollweg's announcement of war, sincerely believed that Germany had been attacked. But if Germany bore her share of responsibility for the outbreak of war, every European country had contributed to a conflict that had taken no one unawares.

With Hitler's rise to power in 1933, post-war Germany, defying the limitations imposed on her by the Versailles Treaty, resumed her interrupted *Drang nach Osten.* Hitler's program for Eastern Europe, as set forth in "Mein Kampf," contemplates the inclusion of all German-speaking peoples in the Third Reich, and the acquisition of "room and soil" for the German peasant. Since the regions inhabited by German-speaking peoples—Memel in Lithuania, Upper Silesia in Poland, and the Sudeten region in Czechoslovakia—are highly industrialized and already overpopulated, Hitler must plan to obtain German domination over Hungary, Rumania and Yugoslavia, and ultimately the Soviet Ukraine, all rich in foodstuffs and raw materials. These territorial ambitions do not represent a

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new policy imposed on Germany by the Nazis. They were already embodied in the program of pre-war Pan-Germans, of Friedrich Naumann and his *Mittel-Europa,* and of the German General Staff, which in 1918 had vainly sought to obtain control of Rumania and the Ukraine by the treaties of Bucharest and Brest-Litovsk. Hitler's racial theories preclude the incorporation within the Third Reich of peoples other than those of the German race. The fate reserved by the Nazis for non-German-speaking peoples—especially the Slavs of Eastern Europe, regarded as historic enemies of the Teutons—is that of more or less willing vassals, who would work for the benefit of the "master race."

Like the Kaiser before him, Hitler hoped, during his drive to the East, to obtain the benevolent neutrality of Britain, the friendship of Italy and the impotence of France. By effective use of threats and propaganda, he has already accomplished the major objectives of "Mein Kampf"—and the Pan-Germans—without resort to war. By remilitarizing the Rhineland, now guarded against French attack by the fortifications of the Siegfried Line, he made it difficult for France to aid her allies in Eastern Europe. By concluding a ten-year non-aggression pact with Poland, he insured Germany against attack in the East by one of France's allies. Taking advantage of Italy's isolation during the Ethiopian war, he reforged the Rome-Berlin axis broken in 1914. Italy, hitherto Austria's bulwark against *Anschluss,* yielded first place to Germany in Central Europe. In exchange, she received German aid in Spain, where the Fascist dictators obtained strategic footholds for a possible war with France, thus further paralyzing French action in the East.

Having diverted Italy to the Mediterranean, Hitler annexed Austria, and made a bid for Hungarian support, thus recreating in more threatening form the Austro-Hungarian bloc of pre-war days—more threatening because today, in contrast to 1914, control is concentrated in Berlin, not shared with Vienna and Budapest; and the German-Austrian combination is no longer menaced, as in pre-war days, by the disaffection of non-German subjects—Czechs, Croats, Slovaks, Italians—who worked for the downfall of the Hapsburgs.

Once he had reconstructed the Triple Alliance, Hitler turned his attention to Czechoslovakia. He presented an ultimatum which, as he admitted to Mr. Chamberlain at Godesberg, he never believed would be accepted either by Prague or Paris. Had Czechoslovakia rejected this ultimatum, designed to compass her destruction, Hitler, Chamberlain said, would have used force, even at the risk of a World War.

His calculations, like those of the Kaiser, were based on the assumption that Britain would not intervene in a Central European conflict. Acting on this assumption, Hitler did not scruple to bring Europe to the very edge of the abyss. Chamberlain's zero-hour declaration that, if Germany attacked Czechoslovakia and France went to the aid of Prague, Britain and Russia would support France, did not shake Hitler's belief in British neutrality. At the Munich conference, the Führer obtained the prize he had most coveted (and the Kaiser had failed to obtain)—Mr. Chamberlain's pledge that Britain desired never again to go to war with Germany. This pledge, if fulfilled, means that Germany can extend her domination over Eastern Europe and the Balkans, free from the fear of British intervention.

Despite this pledge, it becomes increasingly obvious even to the British—who suffer from high-minded astigmatism whenever they look at European affairs—that Nazi Germany, like the Germany of the Hohenzollerns, must, in her struggle to achieve world power, clash sooner or later with the British Empire. Already, all over the world—in Spain, in Mexico, in Sweden, in Iran—Germany has challenged British control of strategic raw materials like oil and iron. Already Hitler, like the Kaiser, has joined Mussolini in stirring up the Middle East against Britain. If Britain enters a general war against Germany, it will not be over the fate of Czechoslovakia or Rumania, any more than it was that of Belgium in 1914, but over the issue of German hegemony in Europe—and the world.

What saved Europe from war in September, 1938, was not Chamberlain's pledge, or the intervention of President Roosevelt, or even the mediation of Mussolini. The choice between war and peace was determined by the anguished desire to avert war. This desire made it possible for Hitler to obtain, without war, the objectives which the Kaiser had failed to win by force.

While the Munich conference has averted war for the time being, it has not resolved the fundamental conflict between Nazi Germany and Western Europe. Nazi ideology is essentially hostile to the European spirit. Is it hostile because Germans are constitutionally incapable of living at peace with the European community? Or because Germany, retarded in her national development, reached only in 1914 the stage of imperialist expansion which France and Britain had left behind when they entered the twentieth century, and must be allowed to expand before she can become a "satisfied" power? Whatever the answer, the dynamic drive of Nazi Germany, unless checked by the Western powers, threatens eventually to precipitate a conflict whose magnitude would exceed that of 1914.

Yet it is equally obvious that the Western world cannot remain indefinitely under arms for the purpose of holding Germany down by force. If the West is to prevail over Germany it must do more than perfect its armaments. It must redefine, in equally dynamic terms, the economic and spiritual concepts which it offers as an alternative to Nazi ideology; and redress those grievances against Western democracy which, in Europe and elsewhere, have proved Hitler's most effective allies.

VERA MICHELES DEAN

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Men in Spain[1]

THE FASCISTS were occupying a group of three farmhouses; yellow roofs and stonefields nestling in a gully of white rocks. The first thing was to drive them out. There was nothing complicated in the task. The rocky nature of the ground along the Tagus, between Toledo and Talavera, enabled the militia to approach them from under cover all the way, provided they went about it carefully.

One of Ximenes' companies was composed of *milicianos* with only a few days' service who had not yet had their baptism of fire. Ximenes had put his best NCO's in charge of them, and today was personally taking them in hand. He began by putting them through a course of bomb-throwing.

"C" Company—the company to which the new recruits were posted—betrayed its inexperience. One of the men, after lighting his bomb, kept it in his hands. "Throw it, you fool!" the sergeant yelled. It was just going to explode, blowing the poor devil to smithereens, when Ximenes' fist crashed against his elbow. The bomb exploded in the air and the man fell. Blood streamed down Ximenes' face.

The recruit had had luck; he was wounded in the shoulder only. After he had been bandaged and led off, those around began preparing bandages for Ximenes. We waved them away. "Let's leave turbans to the Moors. Get me some sticking-plaster." The effect was far less heroic; his face looked as if it had been patched up with postage stamps. He took his stand beside the man whose turn for bomb practice came next. There were no further accidents. Twenty incompetents were weeded out.

Under orders from Ximenes, Manuel had been exploring the lay of the land. His Party had been wise enough to attach him to one of the officers from whom he could learn most. The veteran Catholic officer had taken a fancy to Manuel, who was amenable to discipline, not because obedience—or its counterpart, authority—appealed to him, but because he was built that way and liked efficiency. Moreover, he was a man of culture, and Ximenes appreciated him as such. The Colonel, whose ideas of communists were mainly based on lurid hearsay, was amazed to discover in the cinema soundman (who was also a gifted musician) a born officer. He had not realized that the duties of a militant communist of the front rank inure him alike to the use both of strict discipline and of methods of persuasion, and that his experience as organizer, propagandist and man of action gives him every chance of becoming a first-rate military leader.

[1] We publish herewith a chapter from the new novel, "Man's Hope," by André Malraux, to be published on November 3 by Random House.

The attack on the first farm began. The morning air was still; the leaves hung motionless as stone, save when now and again there came a breath of wind with a slight chilliness, an unexpected presage of autumn. The *milicianos* carrying hand-grenades moved ahead in open formation, sheltering behind rocks and covered by their sharpshooters. The fascist position was rapidly becoming untenable. Suddenly a band of thirty *milicianos* jumped on to the rocks and dashed forward in the open, yelling, with the frenzy of a savage tribe.

"They've done it!" Ximenes crashed his fist down on the window-ledge of his car.

Already twenty men were sprawling on the rocks, huddled up or with their arms spread out. Some had their fists pressed against their faces as if to shield them. A pool of blood beside a fallen man spread slowly, glistening in the sun, over a flat rock that sparkled white and crystalline as a sugar-loaf.

Fortunately the other attacking parties on each side of the farm had already reached the rocks abutting on it. They had not seen their comrades falling. Under a hail of bombs the roof-tiles began spouting up like geysers, and the farm was rushed within a quarter of an hour.

The new recruits had been detailed to attack the second farm. They had seen everything that happened.

Ximenes climbed on to the bonnet of his Ford.

"Listen, my lads," he said, "we've taken that farm. The men who disobeyed orders and left cover are dismissed from the column, whether they reached the farm or not. Don't forget that someone who watches us—history, I mean—is judging and will judge us, and it calls for the sort of courage that goes in and wins, not the courage that consoles. . . .

"If you follow the line of advance we've shown you, you're in no danger up to two hundred yards' distance from the farmhouse. I'll prove it to you by going that far with you, in this car. We shouldn't have a single casualty before that.

"Then we'll start fighting, boys, and capture the farm. Provid . . . er . . . luck be with us. May He who watches over everything . . . the Spanish people, I mean, see us through, since we're all fighting in a cause that we believe to be just."

He had selected the best shots in the regiment to accompany and cover the advance of the young bomb-throwers. Before they reached the farmhouses, they saw the fascists evacuating them.

During the previous week some fascist soldiers had come over to them; fifteen had been posted to Manuel's company. A man named Alba was acting as their leader, though not elected to that post. His courage

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was undoubted, but he was always finding fault; many suspected him of being a spy. Manuel sent for him.

They started walking among the rocks, Manuel leading the way, in the direction of the fascist lines. There were no definite front lines, but the enemy after retreating from the farms was known to have taken up a new position some two miles away.

Manuel asked: "Have you a revolver?"

"No."

Alba was lying—the way the man's trousers dragged at the belt was enough to tell Manuel that.

"Then here's one for you."

He took a revolver from his pocket and handed it to Alba, but kept at his waist his long automatic pistol.

"Why don't you join the FAI?"

"Don't want to."

Manuel scanned his face. The features looked puffed out rather than mature or manly, the nose was rounded and the mouth thick-lipped; there was almost a wave in the long hair clumsily plastered over the low-set forehead. Doubtless a "mother's darling" in his youth.

"You're a great grouser, aren't you?" Manuel said.

"There's lots to grouse about."

"There's lots to be done—that's truer. If you, or I for that matter, were in Ximenes' shoes, things wouldn't be any better; no, they'd be worse. So we've got to help him at his job. After, we'll see."

"They might go a deal worse, but at least we wouldn't have one of our class enemies bossing us—and that'd suit me better."

"I don't care a damn what a man is; it's what he does that counts with me. Why, Lenin himself wasn't a worker. . . . But what I wanted to say was this: you can be very useful, and we must see that you pull your weight. Doing something, and not just grousing. Think it over, and then tell me which of them suits you. The FAI, the CNT or the POUM—whichever you like. We'll call a meeting of the comrades in your group, and you'll be given a responsible post. We're short of lieutenants. Have you been wounded?"

"No."

"I have—in a dynamite attack and a damn silly stunt it was. Catch hold, will you? This darned thing makes my hips ache." He took off his belt. "Every man has some hobby. Mine is fooling about with a piece of stick."

He moved to the roadside, snapped off a branch, came back to Alba. Unarmed now. For all he knew, the fascists were almost within earshot. And anyhow Alba was at his side. "Do you know, I rather doubt if you really belong here. Perhaps you never will. But *I* say: Give every man a chance."

"Even if he's been excluded from the Party?"

Manuel halted, flabbergasted; he had not thought of that!

"If and when the Party issues formal orders on this point, I'll carry them out to the letter. But till then I say: Even a man excluded from the Party. In these times it's every able-bodied man's duty to fight for the Republic."

"You won't stay in it—in the Party."

Manuel turned to his companion with a smile. "I shall." He had a boyish laugh, but when he smiled the corners of his lips went down, giving a look of harshness to his rather heavy under jaw. "Do you know what they say about you?" He kept on walking as if to show the question had little importance.

"Maybe . . ." Alba was still carrying Manuel's belt, and the holster rapped his calves at every step. And in this stony waste they were utterly alone. "Tell me"—a faint grin flickered on his lips—"what's your idea about it, what they're saying about me?"

"It's impossible to command men unless one trusts them." Manuel walked steadily on, flicking the pebbles from the pathway with his stick. "Fascists may manage it. We can't. If we can't trust our men, there's no point in what we're doing. The cynical outlook *plus* a taste for action makes a man a fascist, or a potential fascist—unless there's loyalty behind him."

"The communists always call the people who are against them fascists."

"I'm a communist."

"What about it?"

"And I don't hand over my revolver to fascists."

"Are you so sure?" There was a rather uncomfortable look on Alba's face.

"Yes."

There was no mistaking the man's embarrassment and Manuel's conviction that he was in no immediate danger left him. Obviously, he reflected ironically, one *would* feel embarrassed, talking to a man one's just going to shoot. So death was walking at his side, in the form of this self-opinionated youth with the plump, babyish cheeks.

"I've no use for folk who like taking command of others," Alba said.

"Very likely. But they're no worse than folk who shirk taking it."

They were returning to the village. Though his every sinew was keyed up, Manuel was conscious of a feeling that was almost trust growing up between him and the man beside him; somehow it reminded him of the sudden gusts of affection or sensuality that came and went between his mistress and himself. "Must be like this one feels," he thought, "when one sleeps with a woman spy."

"The hatred of all authority as such," he said, "is a disease. A legacy from childhood. Something to get over."

"If that's so, what difference do you see between us and the fascists?"

"Well, for one thing, the ideal of 75 percent of our fascists isn't authority but—having a good time. Then, too, it's second nature with the fascists to look up to

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their leaders as beings of a superior race. The Germans don't believe in 'Race' because they're fascists; they're fascists because they believe in 'Race'. A fascist commands by divine right. That's why the question of trust doesn't trouble him as it does us."

Alba drew the belt tighter round his waist, and said to Manuel, but without looking at him: "Look here, supposing you found you were all wrong about a fellow . . .?"

"Spain's a country where just now dying is all in the day's work."

Alba's hand dropped on the holster, opened it, half withdrew the revolver—slowly, but without concealment.

I've landed myself in a damn-fool situation, Manuel thought. Then, at the same moment: Still, it's not such a bad way to die. . . . Alba thrust back the revolver.

"'All in the day's work!' You're right."

It struck Manuel that after all Alba might have drawn the revolver—to shoot himself. And, perhaps, there had been a touch of play-acting in the gesture.

"Think it over," he said. "I'll give you three days for it. Join up with any group you like. Or else do without Party support and take command of the men who don't belong to any party. I can guarantee you'll find it interesting, but that's your concern. . . ."

"Why?"

"Because if you want to lead men, all sorts of men, you've got to know exactly what your own beliefs are. I don't know much about mine, but I'm learning. . . . Well, as I said, that's your own business. Mine's this: you've assumed a sort of moral responsibility among us, and now you must make it into a practical responsibility. And, needless to say, I shall check up on you. See!"

Had Alba said "No," Manuel would have sent him packing at once. But he said nothing. Did he acquiesce? Not if his look was any guide.

In the village Manuel took back his belt and hitched it round his waist; then laid his hand on Alba's arm and looked him in the eyes. "Have you understood?"

"Perhaps." Frowning, he walked away.

The sun was setting. The three captured farmhouses had been fortified in a rough-and-ready way, and the *milicianos* who had broken cover in the first attack sent back to Toledo. Ximenes had issued his orders and, with a neat cross of sticking-plaster adorning his close-cropped temples, was walking with Manuel towards San Isidro, where the column was billeted for the night. Tessellated with loose pebbles, the road had the color of a stone pavement, and up to the horizon everything was stone; the spiked branches of the prickly shrubs were hardly distinguishable from the yellow-fanged rocks.

Manuel was thinking over what Ximenes had just been saying in his address to the officers of the column. "In a general way, the personal courage of the leader is all the greater for the qualms he feels about his leadership. And remember it's far more important to get definite results than to set an example." Manuel walked slowly so as not to outpace the Colonel, who was trailing his game leg. His waddling gait was another reason for his nickname of "Old Quack-Quack."

"The new men did very well, didn't they?" Manuel said.

"Not too badly."

"Well, the fascists cleared off without putting up a fight."

"They'll come back."

Ximenes, who was rather hard of hearing, had a habit of talking, almost to himself, as he walked.

"Yes, my boy, things are as bad as they can be; at Talavera they're using Italian tanks. . . .

"Courage is a thing that has to be *organized*; you've got to keep it in condition, like a rifle. Personal courage is no more than the raw material of the courage of an army. Only one man in twenty is, through and through, a coward. Two men in twenty are naturally brave. You build up a regiment by getting rid of number one, using the other two to the best advantage and training the remaining seventeen. . . ."

Manuel recalled an incident which has become legendary. Standing on the hood of his Ford in a village square, Ximenes had given a lecture to his men on the procedure to adopt when attacked from the air. An enemy flight, newly arrived from Italy, had left Talavera for Toledo. "Think of the rose of a watering-can; that's how a bomb spreads out." The men were in a terrible state of nerves; seven enemy bombers, escorted by pursuit planes, were taking up formation before flying above the village square. Now, if the Colonel was deaf, the regiment could hear the engines only too distinctly. "I'd have you know that at such moments fear and rashness are equally absurd. Nothing less than a yard above the ground is hit. When a company lies flat, an air bomb wounds only the man directly underneath it." So that's how it is, his hearers thought, watching the zenith from the corner of an eye and listening to the deep drone of the engines coming every second nearer. Even Ximenes' vast prestige could hardly keep them from dropping on their faces. Then, suddenly, unblushingly, every nose jerked up at once; Manuel, without moving, was pointing skywards with his thumb. "On your bellies, everyone!" Ximenes roared out. Having already learned the movement, they scattered and were down in a trice, and the leading enemy bomber, now that the group had vanished from its bomb-sights, dropped its "pills" at random on the village. The others reserved their stock for Toledo. There had been only one casualty. Since that day, Ximenes' men had ceased being scared of air attacks. . . . The Colonel was still talking —almost to himself.

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"War's a queer thing. For even the most callous general killing's a problem in economy; he expends the maximum of powder and shot so as to save up his human material as far as possible. But we're short of powder and shot. . . ."

Manuel knew that, from the Spanish Infantry Manual—a tissue of incomprehensibilities—to Clausewitz and the technical French reviews, all that he had read had taught him merely the syntax of warfare, whereas Ximenes was its living tongue. Behind the village, camp fires were lighting up. Ximenes gazed at them with an affection that was half bitterness.

"It's sheer waste of time discussing their shortcomings. Once an army has to take the field, something wrong with the troops always means something wrong with the staff-work. I've served in Morocco; when the Moors turn up at the barracks, do you imagine they're so magnificent? I grant you it's far easier to build up an army under military discipline; and I grant you we'll have to impose a republican discipline on our men—or be wiped out, if we fail. But even at this stage—make no mistake about it, my boy—it's our defective staff-work that's at the root of our troubles. Well, our task is harder than our adversary; that's all there is to it.

"What your worthy friends, the communists—who'd ever have believed a year ago that one day I'd be taking a friendly walk with a Bolshevik?—what your friends are organizing, that Fifth Regiment, even if it isn't up to the Reichswehr standard, is a good job of work. But when they're made into an army corps, where will they get their arms from?"

"That Mexican boat has reached Barcelona, I hear."

"Twenty thousand rifles . . . we've hardly any airplanes left. Hardly any field guns. As for machine guns—you've seen for yourself, on our right wing there's one for every two companies. When they're attacked, they pass it round. The fight isn't between Franco's Moors and our army (we haven't any) but between Franco and the organization of our new army. All the militia, poor chaps, can do just now is to get themselves killed so as to gain time for us. But where's the new army to get rifles, artillery, planes? It's quicker fixing up an army than a factory."

"Sooner or later"—Manual spoke with conviction—"the Soviets will give us help."

Ximenes nodded, and took some paces without speaking. Russian help—that was something more serious than taking a stroll with a Bolshevik. He had expected everything from France; now he had lost that hope. But Russia? Were the Russians to be the salvation—or the ruin—of his country?

At last the Colonel spoke. "Russia's a long way off."

The countryside along the road had been lavishly bombed by fascist planes, but many of the bombs were "duds." Manuel picked one up, unscrewed the cap and took out a small typewritten note. He passed it to Ximenes who read, in Portuguese: *Comrades, this bomb won't burst. That's all for the present.*

It was not the first of its kind.

"Well, that's fine!" Manuel exclaimed.

Ximenes did not care to show his emotions. "What have you done about Alba?" he asked abruptly.

Manuel described their conversation.

The stony waste seemed sinking back into the abject desolation whence daylight had temporarily rescued it. And whenever a certain aspect of the rocks brought back to Ximenes' mind his childhood, his thoughts harked back to youth. "Soon," he said, "you'll have to start training young officers. They want to be beloved. That's only human. And it's an excellent thing, my boy, provided you get them to grasp this: An officer should be liked for the way he uses his authority—because he's more competent, juster, better than the average—not for his personal charm. Do you see what I mean when I say an officer ought never to 'play up' to his men?"

Manuel called to mind the revolutionary leader's task: it struck him that to make oneself loved without courting popularity is one of the finest careers a man can hope for.

"Yes, it's a most dangerous foible, wanting to be loved." Ximenes sounded half in earnest, half in his "quack-quack" mood. The heel of his game leg crunched heavily the pebbles at regular intervals. "It takes more nobility to be a leader of men," the Colonel added, "than to be oneself; and it's far harder. . . ."

They had reached the village.

"Good day to you, my children," Ximenes called in answer to the cries of welcome. The troops were encamped east of the village, which was practically empty and which they had not occupied. A crenellated chateau faced the village church.

"Tell me, Colonel, why do you call them 'my children'?"

"You mean I ought to have called them 'comrades'. I can't do it. I'm sixty; it's beyond me, I'd feel I was play-acting. So I call them 'boys' or 'my children'; and it does just as well, you know."

They were walking past the church. It had been fired; this was the Tagus front. From the open porch came a musty cavernous smell mixed with an odor of dead ashes. The Colonel entered. Manuel stared at the façade.

It was one of those Spanish churches, in a style at once baroque and popular, to which the use of stone instead of Italian stucco gives an almost Gothic aspect. The flames had burst forth from the interior and great black tongues of smoke gone writhing up the walls from every lintel, to flatten out under the feet of the topmost statues, charred and tottering above the void.

Manuel went in. The whole interior of the church was black and littered with scraps of twisted iron-work;

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the shattered pavement was a mass of sooty wreckage. Peeled to a chalky whiteness by the flames, the plaster statues in the aisles loomed tall and pallid at the foot of the smoke-grimed pillars; on the frantic gesturings of the saints hovered the mist-blue evening light that streamed in from the Tagus through the broken porch. Deeply impressed, Manuel felt himself an artist once again. What savage grandeur was in those convulsed statues, that somehow had outlived the holocaust! It was as if the flames had set them dancing in the church and their agony had given birth to a new school of art, the school of fire.

The Colonel seemed to have vanished. Manuel's eyes were seeking him too high; he was kneeling amongst the embers, in prayer. Though Manuel knew that Ximenes was a Catholic, he was none the less dumbfounded. He left the church and waited for his friend outside. For a while they walked in silence.

"Will you allow me to ask a question, Colonel? How do you come to be with us?"

"You know I was at Barcelona. Well, I got a letter from General Goded summoning me to join in the rebellion. I thought it over for five minutes. True, I'd never taken an oath of loyalty, but I knew that in my heart I'd pledged myself to serve the Government. So I had no trouble in making my decision; still I didn't want to be left with an impression later on of having acted on a sudden impulse. After those five minutes' thought, I went to Companys and said: 'President, the XIIIth Tercio and its Colonel are at your disposal.'"

He gazed once more at the church. In the quiet evening fragrant with the scent of hay it seemed fantastically incongruous, with its torn frontage and charred statues outlined against the sky.

"Why," he murmured, "oh, why must people always confound the sacred cause of Him who at this moment watches us, with that of his unworthy ministers . . . of those amongst his ministers who are unworthy?"

ANDRÉ MALRAUX

Labor's Day in Court

QUEER THINGS happen in our law courts. You wouldn't suppose, for example, that if you were picked up for carrying concealed weapons it would make any difference whether or not you knew Vito Marcantonio, would you? Well, it probably wouldn't—unless you happened to be on strike at the time. Then it becomes a pertinent question. Why? Don't ask me. Ask the district attorney.

In the case of *The People of the State of New York v. Reuben Glassman and Samuel Herman*, the two defendants, one a student at City College, the other at Brooklyn College, were arrested in Brooklyn on February 15, 1938. In Glassman's pocket the arresting officer found a kitchen vegetable knife with a blade about three inches long. In Herman's pockets there were two ice picks, a screw-driver and a razor blade. It was charged that the two men, members of the Industrial Insurance Agents' Union, on strike, were waiting for James Wallace, industrial insurance agent, not on strike. The officer testified: "I asked them what they were doing with these tools. They said this here James Wallace is a tough guy and that they were carrying it for self-protection and, if necessary, they would use it."

The defendants, on the stand, admitted possession of the tools but denied any intent to use them against the property or person of Wallace, who was a friend of theirs. They explained that they used the tools at strike headquarters to make picket signs, punch holes in the walls for putting up posters, and to punch holes in union circulars. Since strike headquarters was moving the next day they had been given the task of bringing the tools to the new headquarters. That was the only reason the tools were in their possession the night of their arrest. Mr. James Bell, chairman of the local union group, corroborated their story on the stand.

The next witness was Mr. James Wallace, district manager of the Workingmen's Coöperative Association, and the man whom the defendants were charged with waiting to attack. He was a witness not for the prosecution, but for the defense. Wallace testified:

Q. Do you know the two defendants? A. Oh yes, very well.

Q. Did they ever work under you? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Did either one of these two men ever threaten you, or assault you? A. No, sir.

Q. Are you on friendly terms with them now? A. Very much so. I am willing to take them back.

That's a brief outline of the case. Now for the queer part. Keep in mind that it is a doctrine of the law that "the district attorney is a quasi-judicial officer, representing the people of the state and presumed to act impartially in the interest only of justice" (*People v. Fielding*, 158 N. Y. 547). Here is the record of part of the cross-examination by the district attorney:

CROSS-EXAMINATION BY MR. BALDWIN:

Q. You say you are a student? A. At Brooklyn College.

Q. What do you major in, if anything? A. Social science, government and history.

Q. Do you know this man, Vito Marcantonio? A. I am no personal friend of his.

Q. Do you know who he is? A. I know he is active in the labor movement.

Q. Do you know what he advocates? A. I do not know.

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Q. Do you know whether or not he is a Communist?

MR. WILSON: I object.

MR. BALDWIN: It is cross-examination.

MR. WILSON: I object to the attitude of the prosecutor.

JUSTICE MCINERNEY: Overruled.

Q. Do you know that he is Socialist? A. I do not know.

Q. Do you know that he was elected to Congress on the Socialist ticket, in New York? A. Mr. District Attorney, I am no friend of his.

Q. Yes or no? A. No.

Q. But you major in social science, is that what you call it? A. That's right. Social science.

Q. And you had that knife in your inside pocket? A. My inside pocket, wrapped in a circular. It was wrapped in one of the circulars.

Q. Wrapped in a circular? A. That's right.

Q. Is there any significance attached to the fact that the handles of those ice picks are red? A. I do not know. They might have been any color. What is the difference if they are touched while they are red?

JUSTICE MCINERNEY: Answer the question.

THE WITNESS: They are.

Q. Did you tell the officer you were there looking for Wallace? A. I didn't tell the officer. I will tell you what I told the officer.

JUSTICE MCINERNEY: Did you tell him that?

THE WITNESS: No, sir.

Q. It doesn't make very much difference who talks to you in this court, whether it is me or the Bench, does it?

MR. WILSON: I object to that.

MR. BALDWIN: May I have an answer?

MR. WILSON: That is arguing with the witness.

JUSTICE MCINERNEY: I think it should be noted that the witness' demeanor is not commendable.

MR. WILSON: Let the demeanor speak for itself, and not the District Attorney.

JUSTICE MCINERNEY: I wish that it be noted.

JUSTICE BURLINGAME: It is speaking for itself.

JUSTICE VOORHEES: He is speaking, all right.

MR. WILSON: That is all.

The ice-pick handles were red. Score one for the protector of the People's rights. Score another for his masterful exposure of the insidious group behind one of the defense character witnesses—notice how cleverly the district attorney finishes his cross-examination of Mr. Frank Monaco at exactly the most telling spot:

DIRECT EXAMINATION BY MR. WILSON:

. . .

Q. Are you now a member of the Legislature of the State of New York? A. I am.

Q. Elected from Kings County? A. I am, from the Twenty-third Assembly District.

Q. Do you know one of the defendants? A. Yes, Glassman.

. . .

Q. What is his reputation for peace and quiet? A. Excellent.

MR. WILSON: That is all.

CROSS-EXAMINATION BY MR. BALDWIN:

Q. What ticket were you elected on? A. American Labor Party.

MR. BALDWIN: That is all.

And now for the summing up. First a word as to what to look for. "Language which might be permitted to counsel in summing up a civil action cannot with propriety be used by a public prosecutor who is a quasi-judicial officer representing the people of the state, and presumed to act impartially in the interest only of justice" (*People v. Fielding*, 158 N. Y. 542). Here is how the district attorney learned that lesson:

I think these men should go to jail, and the sooner they go the better, and there is no day like today. These lawbreakers, carrying that sort of weapons, were going around threatening and intimidating a peaceful insurance agent. These racketeers went in and tried to organize these agents to get a cut of their earnings, and if they did not get an opportunity to get that cut, then they go and stand on the corner of Vanderbilt Avenue and Fulton Street, with a knife and ice picks in their pockets.

Social something—I do not know what they majored in. They are nice college students over in CCNY, and their text appears to be, "Get out and agitate." They are Socialists, Communists, Reds—that is what they are, and the sooner they go to jail and are driven out of the country, the better this country will be.

MR. WILSON: In view of that statement, which the District Attorney has been indicating all through the trial, I move to set aside the conviction, on the ground that his attitude has denied these defendants a fair trial and has prejudiced the Court.

JUSTICE MCINERNEY: That motion is denied.

The defendants, Reuben Glassman and Samuel Herman, were found guilty.

The Horn and Hardart strike of last fall is over for the public but not for seventy-two men and women pickets who, in December, 1937, were arrested for provoking "a breach of the peace." Magistrate Anthony F. Burke, on December 17, 1937, found all of the defendants guilty and sentenced them to terms ranging from twenty days or $50 fine for the female defendants, to thirty, sixty and ninety days in prison, without the alternative of a fine, for the men. The prisoners are out on bail and the case is being appealed.

There were two other defendants charged with the same crime and found guilty by the same magistrate, but they received only a suspended sentence. Why? Because they failed to show up in the court at the time of the trial or at the time of the sentence. You would have thought, as I did, that the sentence on these two defendants would be more, not less severe. Yet they got a suspended sentence. The explanation is simple. Here it is in the words of the court: "The strike is over, so we might as well get this matter straightened out now."

Catch on? When the law finally caught up with the missing defendants the strike was over and there was

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no longer any necessity in the Magistrate's mind to impose stiff sentences. Indeed, the record shows that at the time he imposed sentence on all the other defendants, Magistrate Burke was willing to make a deal to cut the term in jail *if only the union would carry through negotiations to call off the strike.*

THE COURT: I will tell you what I will do. Here is an opportunity to complete your negotiations. Upon your consent I will remand all these defendants until next Thursday. I won't sign commitments until next Thursday, but they are remanded without bail until next Thursday, December 23, and then by that time you can see whether you can complete your negotiations. . . . Now you have nothing to lose by it. They are locked up anyhow, and if I sign the commitments they are locked up for the full period; whereas if you can consent to that they are locked up for six days. So if the strike is ended they go out.

And if the strike is not ended, Magistrate Burke was, in effect, telling the union, then your pickets will remain in jail for periods ranging up to ninety days.

The union was on the spot. Particularly because at the very moment that the court was offering this deal, the lawyer for the Horn and Hardart Company announced, "On behalf of the company, I might say this to your Honor: I just called my office and we refuse to negotiate any further."

Perhaps you are beginning to agree with me that queer things happen in our law courts? Well, there are more surprises to come. The record of this case reads "The People of the State of New York on the complaint of officer —— against ——" (then follows the names of the defendants). Now the representative of the people is supposed to be the district attorney. But in Horn and Hardart the district attorney's office did not handle the case. Guess who was in the courtroom looking after the interests of the People? None other than the attorney for the company! It was Magistrate Burke himself who permitted Thomas Farley, the company's attorney, to play the role of Pooh-Bah:

MR. GLICKSTEIN: May I request now, Judge, that this gentleman be excluded from any participation in this proceeding?

THE COURT: Who?

MR. GLICKSTEIN: This gentleman here (pointing to Mr. Farley).

THE COURT: Why?

MR. GLICKSTEIN: He is not connected with this. The officer is the complainant.

THE COURT: I think that it is fair and reasonable that he should be here. I will tell you why—if he were not here and the People were not represented—we have no District Attorney in this court any more—and my policy has been recently to call up the Legal Bureau of the Police Department and have them send an attorney up.

MR. GLICKSTEIN: I think we ought to do that.

THE COURT: Because I have always maintained that it is unfair to the judge to sit here as judge, jury and prosecutor. No matter how fair you try to be you are bound in your cross-examination to ask questions that create the opinion in the mind of the counsel for defendants or the defendants themselves that you are prejudiced. So I think it is a wonderful thing to have a disinterested—I won't say disinterested, but disinterested as far as the Court is concerned—to have a representative to represent the People. Now, let us proceed.

MR. GLICKSTEIN: Now, that is exactly the point, Judge. If this gentleman were here as a disinterested attorney, not only wouldn't we have any objection, but we would be glad to have him here.

THE COURT: I will allow him to say anything. If he says anything wrong, you have the rules of evidence to protect you in making your objections.

MR. GLICKSTEIN: May I note an exception to that ruling, if your Honor please?

THE COURT: Yes. I will allow him to represent the People.

Notice how anxious the Court is to give the defendants a fair trial. He thinks "it is a wonderful thing to have a disinterested"—well, anyway, "disinterested as far as the Court is concerned"—representative to represent the People. The attorneys for the defendants, unfortunately, wouldn't agree that the attorney for company could be a disinterested party.

The Court took a different attitude toward the union officials. The strike was conducted by the Cafeteria Employees' Union, Local 302, affiliated with the American Federation of Labor. This union is one of the oldest in the A. F. of L. and the international to which it belongs is the fourth largest in the United States. Nevertheless, the Court found it necessary to offer this bit of advice during the conduct of the trial, "The less you say about the leaders that control these men and women, I think, the better it would be."

One last point. According to the record, of the seventy-four defendants only three were picked out and identified by the complaining policeman. For the other seventy-one there is no identification, nor is there any legal proof that they committed any disorderly acts. Let such a mass arrest happen in a gambling case, or in an indecent-exposure case and the Court will insist that evidence of identification and participation of each one of the defendants must be shown. Not so in this, a picketing case, though picketing is not a crime but a right expressly granted by the law.

Several of my labor-lawyer friends have grown extremely cynical about the purity and impartiality of the courts. They insist that in criminal cases, in robbery, murder, gambling cases and the like, the judges are extremely jealous of the rights of the defendants, but in labor cases the Court shows less solicitude. These lawyers say they have learned from experience that when a union man is on trial the usual procedure is reversed—it is his innocence, not his guilt, which must be proved beyond a reasonable doubt. The records show there is truth in this charge. LEO HUBERMAN

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Shoot the Works

The Burden of Proof

THIS SEEMS TO BE the age of the screamer. Hitler shouts and so do headlines and South Carolina Democrats. The belief prevails that if sufficient frenzy and lung power are devoted to a statement it will be accepted as true purely because of the volume of sound. A world hungry for facts receives a furious oration. But it is not sentimental to assert that ancient verities have a habit of overcoming passing heresies. The course of events and the conduct of life must and will be based upon truth. The obligation of proof is the most permanent of man's responsibilities and so I would like to preach a short sermon. I will take for my text two paragraphs from the seventeenth chapter of the First Book of Samuel:

"And Saul armed David with his armor, and he put an helmet of brass upon his head; also he armed him with a coat of mail. And David girded his sword, and he assayed to go for he had not proved it. And David said unto Saul 'I cannot go with these; for I have not proved them.' And David put them off him."

As you quite possibly remember, David killed Goliath with a pebble of his own choosing. He knew the heft of that rock, for he thumbed it over and tested it before he took it into battle. In a fight for life David was not disposed to depend upon hearsay and hand-me-downs.

Now the armor of the King undoubtedly looked good and most certainly it was gaudy. It is fair to assume that it was highly polished and blinked in the sunlight. And the helmet was all yellow and glittering. David, a shepherd boy, must have been impressed by the fact that he could go into battle wearing the personal armor of the King of Israel Never before had he seen stuff of such seeming strength and assured magnificence. But then, through native shrewdness or happy coincidence, David remembered that although the armor might be Saul's it wasn't Saul who would do the fighting. Rulers upon the eve of many conflicts have cried out, "I now head the procession of my people as first soldier." But they speak in metaphors. David appreciated the fact that Saul was offering him the regal armor to indicate that he was wholly behind him in spirit. But in front of him would be Goliath in person.

And the big Philistine was a pretty fine old skeptic on his own account and not one to bow down to the first brass hat who challenged him. David, in borrowed metal, would very probably have been no more than a hickory nut in the hands of the giant. It is quite possible that Saul may have said, "Remember I myself am not a coward," or words to that effect. To which David might well have replied, "How very interesting, your Highness." But even the loud voice of the leader was not enough for the peasant who was going out to battle. Something vital was missing in the accouterments. David had the encouragement and the equipment of a king. But he wanted one thing more before he faced Goliath. Proof was missing.

As guardian of his father's sheep David had killed a lion and a bear. Against those savage beasts he went unhampered by regal trappings. And the methods which worked in animal experimentation should, in the light of reason, be efficacious against Philistines.

Throughout the story David is pictured as moving with the utmost confidence. But this was a confidence based upon personal conviction and not upon the assurance of Saul that the armor was invincible and that Israel could fight for thirty years. David turned to another source for reassurance. "The Lord has delivered me out of the paw of the lion, and out of the paw of the bear," he said to himself. "He will deliver me out of the hand of this Philistine."

David was, then, a mystic, but not to excess. There was no disposition on his part to say, "Let God do it," and to take no pains on his own account. Had he felt that he was merely a pawn in the proceedings he would hardly have bothered his head to put off the armor once Saul had strapped it on. God could help a man completely clad in mail just as easily as He could succor one who went naked into battle.

But when David went from Saul on his way to the front he "chose him five smooth stones out of the brook." Nothing was left to chance in this. It was an enlightened faith which animated David.

God was not vexed at these precautions. He does not frown on those who tincture faith with ruddy drops of hearty reason. This has been so from the beginning of recorded history. Adam knew that his first inhalation was the breath of God, but our great ancestor also realized that lungs had been created within him and that after the first puff of assistance it became the business of man to do his breathing for himself.

It may be that there were smiles in Heaven at the extent and precision of David, scientist, who was about to risk his life under the protection of God and for the glory of God. After all there is no getting away from the fact that David, at great pains, did take "five smooth stones." Had he been addicted to a lean-back, lazy faith one would have sufficed. And some who do negate all power and virtue in the human will would have faced Goliath with no rock at all, feeling that man is a poor thing and wholly powerless to help himself.

David was not like that. He had no inclination to entrust his cause to one single crack. It was his intention to take as many shots at Goliath as the game laws permitted. He felt that it was entirely possible that his aim might go amiss on the first try and that a greater number of tries would increase his chance of splitting the bracket. He was banking not only on the justice of his cause but on the law of averages, which he had discovered in an off moment. As fate and careful preparation would have it, the young research worker scored a direct hit with his first endeavor. It is recorded: "And David put his hand in his bag, and took thence a stone, and slang it, and smote the Philistine in his forehead, that the stone sank into his forehead; and he fell upon his face to the earth."

For this victory David did give thanks to God, but first he cut off Goliath's head to round out his accomplishment and make it certain. David of Israel was the first king of the rationalists, for he must have said, "Before I take action I must have proof which is all sufficient for my own satisfaction." He followed the still small voice of evidence in a wilderness of loud shouters.

HEYWOOD BROUN

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Washington Notes

America's Bomb Shelters

OFFICIALS BELIEVE that the European crisis has taught the administration a great lesson. Confronted with the minute-by-minute likelihood of an outbreak abroad, it found itself without plans for safeguarding this country's economy. Had war come, probably it would have been necessary to summon Congress in immediate special session, and ask for wide powers for Mr. Roosevelt. Officials now hope that the existing neutrality law, at the earliest opportunity, will be realistically overhauled.

It should be explained that, as these Notes are written, peace or war in Europe is still undecided, although officials are temporarily hopeful of a breathing spell. For many days, the attention of the administration's leaders, and particularly Mr. Roosevelt's, has been glued on Europe. Perhaps for that reason, nothing resembling a neutrality "mobilization" has been attempted—a conscious, organized effort to prepare for the shock of European conflict. But responsible experts say a war crisis would have shown a large degree of unpreparedness.

In last week's Notes, mention was made of the activity at the Treasury and among the generals and admirals. Secretary Morgenthau has been by far the most forehanded of the Cabinet. After his return from Europe, more than a month ago, he instructed Treasury officials to explore the problems likely to arise under the tri-partite monetary agreement in the event of war. When the present crisis became acute, he announced that plans had been laid for all contingencies. What he meant by this, in the opinion of observers, was only that the Treasury would be able to buy or sell foreign currencies and gold in any amount.

The announcement, however, promptly led correspondents to ask whether the New York Stock Exchange and the principal commodity markets would be kept open. If Mr. Morgenthau had shown hesitation or doubt, the news would have been wirelessed around the world and would have been an alarming factor in an immensely delicate situation. He was bound to show a confident face. As a result, correspondents jumped to the conclusion that an elaborate program had been drafted.

At the moment these Notes are written, it can be said definitely that no plans dealing with the security or commodity markets exist. Foreign-held securities in this country, in part, belong to private investors. It is assumed that they would congratulate themselves on their prudence in shipping their funds to America, and would not sell—at least not immediately. However, a large amount of securities presumably is owned by foreign business corporations. In the first few days of a general war, these corporations might find their normal sources of credit closed, and might be forced to liquidate their holdings here, even at great sacrifice. This was what happened in 1914, and why the Stock Exchange closed. Contrary to expectations, there was a vast movement of funds toward war-stricken Europe.

Would such a movement occur again? The English are believed to have a carefully worked-out financial mobilization plan. Would the London money market be able to prevent a credit stringency in the first few days after war was declared? Would it be able to supply funds to the corporations that normally satisfy their needs there, thus obviating the 1914 pressure on New York? Would this country be justified in temporarily coöperating with London in order to prevent a panicky tumble on the New York Stock Exchange, and would such coöperation—under the letter and spirit of the Neutrality Act—be legal? These are some of the questions, experts say, that need answers.

After the first weeks or months of a general European war, it is assumed that the belligerent governments, particularly England and France, would attempt to dispose of the American securities of their nationals in order to build up credits here for the purchases of war commodities. During 1914-16, liquidation of this sort was carried out by a syndicate headed by J. P. Morgan and Company. Officials are anxious that, in a future war, it should be done either by a quasi-public corporation, or by a private group under the SEC's close supervision. It would mean official approval of a gigantic stock-market pool. A stock-market pool run in the public interest might be able to curb a dangerous war boom that would compromise our neutrality.

In last week's Notes, the bustling self-importance of the Navy Department was treated with a levity for which I apologize. Because of their influence on Mr. Roosevelt and his foreign policies, the admirals are never really comic. As always, they have their eyes fixed on Japan's navy. Experts point out that the military situation in the Far East is very different from 1914. Then Japan was bound by the Anglo-Japanese alliance, was hostile to the Central Powers and did not begin her depredations in China until the collapse of Russia in 1917. It is assumed here that, the moment the European nations were firmly locked in war, Japan would attempt to take over the international settlements in China. Would we withdraw our guard detachments and recall the Asiatic squadron? Would we undertake the protection of the Philippines? For good or bad, the admirals would have an important voice in the development of our neutrality policy.

Perhaps the best example of the problems raised by a European war are those that would confront the Maritime Commission. Virtually all American-flag vessels are now under the USMC's control. In coöperation with the navy, its first job would be to evacuate the 80,000 Americans now in Europe. Then it would need to decide whether to continue its present services to a European port. As it happens, the ships of the three chief lines are owned outright by the government. To operate them might raise difficulties for our neutrality policy. To discontinue them would bring real hardship to shippers of Atlantic ports, particularly Baltimore.

The USMC's most complex problems, however, have to do with the wartime shipping shortage that it foresees. It is assumed that the belligerent governments would turn many of their own ships to military uses. South America and the Orient, especially, would be severely affected. But the USMC experts are immensely anxious to avoid sky-high rates for ocean freight—rates that would promptly be reflected in boom prices for all imported commodities. Instead, they would like to ration American shipping, as was done after this country entered the World War, and allot cargo

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space only for essential imports. Such a policy would make the USMC a dictator over American foreign trade. The experts doubt if it possesses the necessary legal authority. One of the tasks of a special "neutrality" session of Congress would be to vote a shipping policy.

Washington T. R. B.

Other People's Money

Definitions by Carter Glass

THE HONORABLE CARTER GLASS, the eminent Lynchburg philosopher and the most LL.D'd scholar in Dixie, has just made a sortie into the domain of semantics and given us the meaning of the words "liberal" and "conservative."

A liberal, he says, is one who believes in spending other people's money. A conservative is a man with good sense.

This illuminating adventure in definition enables us to classify people very quickly. Thus Mr. Samuel Insull is or was one of our greatest liberals. He managed to spend several hundred million dollars of other people's money and had a perfectly grand time doing it. Mr. Charles Mitchell is also a liberal and Mr. Albert Wiggin, the erstwhile bank prexy, was so liberal that the government and his bank had to get after him. Indeed there probably has never been such a bunch of liberals in history as the bankers who managed to spend one way or another any number of billions of dollars of other people's money while that great conservative (man with good sense) Calvin Coolidge slumbered in the White House.

Incidentally, Mr. Mussolini is a pretty good liberal, since he too has spent so much of other people's money that he has had to invent new schemes to do this. And probably the greatest liberal of them all is the good Adolf, who only last week boasted that he had "spent billions" of the money of other Germans preparing for his picnic in the Sudeten mountains and that he had given "my friend Göring" all the airplanes he wished, paid for of course with other Germans' money. This business of getting everybody classified, deciding just who is and who is not a liberal, has of late been very troublesome. But with this brilliant definition the matter is now simple.

The attempt, however, to settle the meaning of a conservative is somewhat less satisfying. To begin with, everybody will start by admitting that he himself is a conservative and that everybody on the other side of the argument is not. To Hitler, Benes is something less than a conservative and to Benes, doubtless, Hitler must seem utterly lacking in this great essential of conservatism. I have no doubt that the great Virginia statesman and philologist could concede that Thomas Jefferson had good sense and was therefore a conservative and that Alexander Hamilton also had very good sense and was a fellow conservative of Jefferson, or at least a fellow traveler of the conservatives. Which leaves us a little confused. The definition seems to put all the conservatives on the outside of the crazy house and all the liberals on the inside, though how they can spend other people's money there is not easy to figure out. But the two definitions do help us to classify Senator Glass. For being on the outside of the crazy house he must be put down as a conservative, and being on the inside of the Senate, where he has been for twenty-five years assisting in voting away many billions of other people's money, he is a liberal. So that clears that up.

To most of the people in this country the first reaction to the grim visage of war is one of horror. But there is another kind of gentleman whose first reaction is—"Well, how can I make some money out of this?" Incidentally, he thinks with eager alacrity about the profit possibilities of epidemics, storms, earthquakes and other disasters.

While most of us were reading with a sense of shock the bulletins of the progress of the world into war, there were others who were busy speculating upon the issue as it changed swiftly from day to day.

Thus on September 12 at the first bad news the stock speculators rushed in and sold. The next day they repeated the performance, driving the market down nearly ten points on those two days. The following day, however, when things seemed brighter, the gentlemen were back again buying on the prospects of peace. This was a transient optimism. The market sank again over several days and finally, when Mr. Chamberlain, like a butcher boy calling for Mr. Hitler's order, agreed to deliver Czechoslovakia, the buyers were back again next day pushing prices up once more, which they continued to do until Mr. Chamberlain's delivery service bogged down.

However, the culmination of all this was to come on September 26 when Chancellor Hitler delivered that frantic, screeching, half-maniacal diatribe in the Sports Palace of Berlin. As he spoke the gamblers stood by their radios and their stock tickers. It was near the closing hour of the New York Stock Exchange. When early in his speech the Chancellor declared that he wished to live in peace with England and France, they telephoned their orders to buy and prices went up. As the market reached its closing moments, Hitler was in the midst of his bitter and abusive atack upon Dr. Benes. The momentary optimism faded and they began telephoning orders to sell. Just ten minutes after the market closed, Hitler screamed out, "My patience regarding the Sudetens is at an end. Mr. Benes now has a choice between war and peace." Despair ran through the brokerage offices but it was too late to translate that despair into further selling in New York.

Of course while some gentlemen were thinking how they could make money out of the disaster by gambling in stocks, there were still others beyond doubt who were pondering the problem in terms of trade. I think it would be a pretty fair wager that every ship which left New York for Europe these last ten days has carried American salesmen representing various producers who have something useful to offer the nations when they get ready to hurl steel and iron at each other. I recall how in 1935 when King Alexander of Yugoslavia was assassinated at Marseilles, American airplane salesmen swarmed into Germany in such numbers and got so many orders that their performance became a subject of report by American consular officers. It's in the blood, I dare say. To them war and peace are just market factors and civilization something you go long or short of on the Exchange. JOHN T. FLYNN

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The Season Opens

Missouri Legend, by E. B. Ginty. Empire Theatre, September 19, 1938.
Sing Out the News, by Harold J. Rome and Charles Friedman. The Music Box, September 24, 1938.
Dame Nature, by Albert Birabeau, adapted by Patricia Collinge. Booth Theatre, September 26, 1938.

NOBODY seems to be very clear about the reasons for so late an opening of the season's theatre, but it has at last opened with various *oeuvres* that seem to please people well enough, as things go. None of the three listed above, two plays and a revue, is something you would not advise people to see. They have all some expert acting in them, especially the plays, and there are moments that are really comic and some that are poignant. As a matter of fact, in several places "Missouri Legend" bristles and sings with the promise of genuine Americana, and in the course of the performance the element of greatness gets into the air —it is in Miss Natwick's mountain woman—but we shall come to that presently.

"Sing Out the News" enjoys finer quarters and has taken on more elegance, so to speak, than its sister, the famous "Pins and Needles"; but retains some of that production's vigor and spirit. The authors' general slant would be described, no doubt, as toward the New Deal; but their pursuit of the ideal could not be called passionate. In fact, so far as I can see, the whole revue could go either Rightist or Leftist without making much difference. At any rate this feast of "Sing Out the News" is a Leftistish table—like that of ex-Premier Blum, or so I have heard—at which you sit down to a good deal of terrapin and caviar.

The numbers that make up "Sing Out the News" are single and free to themselves, with a grateful absence of any story to string things on and lose them off of. They vary, however, quite sadly. Among the best is the skit on our Mayor that Mr. Philip Loeb executes, amiably always but full of plump joy and executive bounce. The numbers performed by Negro players and led by Mr. Rex Ingram are especially noticeable partly because of the voices, and partly because of a certain exotic quality the players have. At bottom these Negro numbers are not a bit better than some of the others, but the immediate impression for many of the audience is sure to be more gripping. The one notable talent displayed is Mr. Hiram Sherman, though every number of his remains finally unexplored either by him, or else for him.

In general this revue is literate and sophisticated because of the ideas behind the divers numbers. The development of these ideas, however, is all too often only half-baked. Most of them need first of all a theatrical conscience and fear of the Lord; for the theatre even democracy and personal charm are not quite enough. Many of these numbers go flat before the end sheerly because they have not been worked on properly. Too many of our New Youth performers do not yet know that paradoxical truth that external discipline can increase and intensify the internal reality. They may be born as free and equal as they like, so far as the State goes; but in art only the truth can make them free, and nothing can ever make them equal, not even in the chorus.

Some of Mr. Mielziner's designs for the settings are a distinct success—the stairway in "My Heart Is Unemployed," for example. In it there is a kind of brilliance in the study of the actual light and the painted light that suggests other and not at all negligible possibilities.

The play that Miss Collinge has adapted from the French for the use of the Theatre Guild at the start of this its twenty-first season has a hero and heroine who are about to become parents before they quite reach the age of sixteen. The theatre news has spread that part of the story, of course, for this is the side of things that travels fast. Not everybody, however, may know that certain moments of "Dame Nature" have genuinely moving themes and some very witty situations and cruxes. Mr. Montgomery Clift gives a performance of the young Boy Scout father that is full of enthusiasms and sincerities. It is not Mr. Clift's fault if the play is flattened down with overrepeated motifs and effects, and if the second act dragged both the company and the audience into considerable despair. Not many actors in such a role could give so fresh and varied a performance. Miss Jessie Royce Landis, after struggling at first with an uncertainly written act—not at all her fault—played with fine technical skill and rare wit the nuances of the third and last act.

Curiously enough this play set in gay Paree and the play at the Empire set in Missouri struggle with the same artistic problem. This is the problem of tone, the necessity of deciding just what is to be the plane on which the whole piece will move, what is to be its starting point and its total character and weight. "Dame Nature" stumbles about throughout the first act, not having a clear idea, even for its own purposes, as to what it is to be, whether farce, comedy, pathetic and ironic modernism, or what. It ends by lacking any complete tone of any sort, and so must remain a trivial work of art, though on the whole, after the first few moments, not at all a bad evening.

The same first few moments are a burden to us in "Missouri Legend." The efforts of the company to speak Missouri, however successful or unsuccessful they may be—I am no judge of that—protrude, nevertheless, as conscious effort. And even Miss Mildred Natwick's attempts at submerging herself in the Ozark woman are forced now and then into the impression of sheer impersonation. The truth is that basically all human life involves like elements, and the introduction of what will make a remote, or foreign, character picturesque, or special, for us may at the same time distort what makes that character humanly close and appealing.

Only great dramatic genius could fuse some of the elements in this play about Jesse James into an artistic whole, single and complete in its tone. The chance for some language, however, that is alive must be welcomed; and there are many savory and gusty items and passages in the course of the play. Miss Dorothy Gish, as Jesse James's wife, plays admirably; her final scenes are drawn firmly and touchingly. Mr. Jose Ferrer, as the faithful friend to the hero, is excellent. Mr. Dean Jagger's Jesse James is undertaken with a great simplification and convincingness. His method, his voice and enunciation, remind one of Henry Fonda; in this vein of natural feeling and daily circumstance they are both fine actors. Miss Natwick has applied a remarkable technique to the outer aspect of her role, which is very

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unequal, now tragedy, now grotesque or droll farce. The poetic or violent content of the role she creates superbly, giving it an abstraction and precision that verge on great art. STARK YOUNG

The Bandwagon

What he takes is not much, but it is something. There is not only a slight concession in the time limit for the Czechs but he has succeeded in demonstrating to the world his country's deep devotion to the cause of peace, no matter at what sacrifice to another people. – *From a dispatch by Frederick T. Birchall in The New York Times referring to Prime Minister Chamberlain.*

At the opening of the new room, Martha Fitts was wearing the new stark black—hat, dress, shoes, gloves, with only a string of pearls at the high neck for relief. The idea is to look as if you had lost your lover at Teruel, the fashion writers say. This bleak, black look, so smart in France, actually came into being through a Spanish designer. The war has something to do with it, nobody is sure how. – *From an item on the society page of The Chicago Evening American.*

The result was not unexpected because the country has come to realize that New York is anything but a typical American city. The percentage of foreign born in its population is higher than in most American communities but in other cities the foreign born think like Americans. In New York they, and the native born as well, tend to think like foreigners. That accounts for the communist victory in New York over O'Connor. – *From an editorial in The Chicago Daily Tribune.*

Better Think of the $100,000

"I wouldn't turn pro if I were Don [Budge]," added Pate. "He'd lose too many things in addition to his amateur status. And what's a mere $100,000? The interest wouldn't be more than $3,500 a year, and just think of the income tax!" – *From a sports item in The World-Telegram.*

Dispatch from East Lynne

The plaintiff at her tender age, bewildered and ignorant of the ways of the world and of the cruel, deceptive reality, reluctantly succumbed to the mesmeric-like influences, advances, approaches and embraces . . . and was outrageously, wrongfully and wickedly imposed upon, victimized, debauched and seduced. – *From a news item in The Chicago Daily Times.*

How's-That-Again Department

Rural touch: Can-Dle-Lux, 542 Madison (55th), has cat's-eye name and address signs to guide your guests to shelter at night. . . . Letters and numerals can be bought separately, at $1.50 each, and the shop will mount them on a plaque for an extra $2 or $2.50. No charge for punctuation marks, so throw in all the initials you like. – *From the "About the House" department in The New Yorker.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column and $1 will be paid for each item used. Address The Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. – THE EDITORS

Correspondence

The Politics of William Butler Yeats

SIR: In his review of Yeats's autobiography [The New Republic, September 21], Mr. Malcolm Cowley completely distorts what a great poet has to say of the genesis of his own writing. Mr. Cowley would like to think that Yeats was saved from an early death and for great poetry by a political career and by working with the masses. Every fact, every known element in Yeats's career contradicts Cowley. He says that Yeats found a medium, a subject and an audience by working with the masses. But as to subject: Yeats's subject is his cosmological system as exemplified in personal experience; there are a few political figures, but even when they are mentioned politically, it is in some relation to Yeats's ideas of the supernatural, which predominate. And as to audience. Yeats is read and studied in England and America, not by the Irish masses, who at no time paid any attention to either his plays or verse. And the most objective test of all: fifteen years intervene between Yeats's brief, meager and literary participation in politics, and the first signs of his later style. . . .

Mr. Cowley has repeatedly concerned himself with the most foolish of questions, what makes a great writer, and has had the same vague general answer at hand, participation in politics, working with the masses. This is not to say that any writing can be wholly abstracted from the society in which it was produced, but to protest against a recipe applied where it has no relation to the facts of the case. . . . The facts are that Yeats was a bad writer when he participated in politics and was obsessed with national feeling, and a good writer only fifteen years after that, by which time he had concluded that politics destroyed the writer.

Confronted with the reactionary doctrines of the present-day Yeats, which flow from his disillusion with politics, Mr. Cowley can say with ease, "No matter," once he was in politics, and worked with the masses (collecting, as Cowley does not say, folklore and seeking an audience for a literary movement). This is equivalent to saying that as long as you get political, it does not matter what side you finally take, nor what conclusions you draw. The main thing is to be political, and you are saved for a long life and a great style. Consider Marx's dictum, a different formula for genius: "To be radical is to get to the root of things. The individual, however, is the root of the individual."

DELMORE SCHWARTZ

New York City

[Mr. Schwartz has missed the point of what I said; but chiefly he has misinterpreted Yeats's story. Almost all the poets with whom Yeats had been associated were dying or drinking themselves to death or going crazy in the years after 1895. Yeats himself had a complete breakdown. He took refuge with

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Lady Gregory, who led him among the peasants and helped him lay the plans for a national theatre, the final aim of which was to unify the Irish people. The story of these years (1896-1902) is told in the chapters called "The Tragic Generation" and "Dramatis Personae." There one can learn that Yeats's plays found a very combative audience among the Irish masses—he even set the Mayo tinkers to fighting—and also, by implication, that he was carried out of himself and restored to health by his activities. I don't know when it was that Yeats broke his connections with the national-revolutionary movement; except for scattered notes, his story stops in 1902. But his sympathies were hotly with the revolutionists in 1916, as is proved by three superb poems he wrote on the Easter Day rebellion. Mr. Schwartz ought to reread the "Autobiography." Every poet should read it twice.—M. C.]

The Cotton Pickers' Strike

SIR: You will be interested to know that cotton pickers in Arkansas, Missouri and Oklahoma are on strike to raise their wages from 35 and 50 cents to $1 per hundred pounds of cotton. The strike is led by the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union, CIO affiliate. In most counties affected by this "sit-down-in-your-homes" strike, wages have been raised to the union level, with some 18,000 farm workers benefiting.

H. L. Mitchell, secretary of the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union, will bring the story of the strike to New York at a dinner on Wednesday evening, October 12 at Rosoff's Restaurant, 147 West Forty-third Street at 6:30. Norman Thomas and Howard Kester will be among the other speakers. Reservations may be made through Harriet Young at ALgonquin 4-4954.

New York City HARRIET YOUNG

Apologies to Rolland and Strunsky

SIR: May I correct an error which crept into my letter "Rolland to the Intellectuals" in The New Republic of September 7? The statement attributed to Simeon Strunsky that Rolland had returned from his vacation "a broken man weighed down with the burden of years" appeared in the news dispatch from Paris. On the other hand, Mr. Strunsky's comment on this dispatch was most sympathetic to the famous fighter for liberty and humanity. In fact, the clever columnist of The New York Times even remarked that, in his seventy-third year, "a man may well show the wear and tear of time without being spiritually 'broken'." As I had to depend on my memory in writing the letter, I confused the press dispatch with Mr. Strunsky's comments on it. In all fairness to a confrère, I willingly offer him my apologies for attributing to him a statement which did not originate with him and which he even tried his best to tone down.

The fault lies with the Paris correspondent who put words into the mouths of Rolland's friends which they could not possibly have used. The rumor undoubtedly originated with the enemies of the great pacifist, who, rising "above the battle," has remained the great European and supranationalist.

New York City MAXIMILIAN RUDWIN

An Appeal to Americans

SIR: You have heard, no doubt, of the plight of hundreds of seriously wounded American boys who are temporarily hospitalized in France and at the Spanish border. The Friends of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade, after consultation with the United States State Department, has undertaken the responsibility of raising funds to bring home and rehabilitate the wounded Americans. In the past six weeks, virtually since the launching of our campaign, we have succeeded in repatriating over a hundred of these men.

Our task, however, is not completed. There are still three to four hundred seriously wounded American volunteers who look to us for aid. They must be brought home as expeditiously as possible and given specialized care. . . . It costs $125 to bring one of the incapacitated veterans to New York. The total sum needed—for transportation, medical care, rehabilitation—runs into hundreds of thousands of dollars. . . . We call upon the readers of The New Republic to help us bring these valorous sons of America home. Our address is 285 Madison Avenue.

LANGDON W. POST,

New York City Chairman, National Campaign Committee

From The New Republic Mail Bag

R. I. Lovell of Salem, Oregon, has praise for the newscasting by networks in the United States of the series of European crises. He suggests that the bulletins we get here are much more complete and accurate than those available to the residents of any European country. . . . Co Tui, executive vice-president of the American Bureau for Medical Aid to China, 57 William Street, New York City, sends an urgent appeal for contributions to buy medical supplies. Even small donations will purchase extremely useful quantities. For example, $3.17 will send 1,000 mercuric bichloride tablets to China, or $1.31 a pound of iodine. . . . J. B. Davis, secretary of the National Negro Congress, 1528 Madison Avenue, Baltimore, Maryland, announces the Eastern Regional Conference to be held in that city October 7, 8 and 9. One thousand delegates from thirteen Eastern states are expected and they will attempt to organize a truly progressive Negro movement, seeking through legislation to achieve their aims of jobs, equality and freedom.

J. E. Bonn, director of the New Theatre School, 132 West Forty-third Street, New York City, writes of the progress being made in educating directors, managers, instructors, technicians and actors to participate in the work of the New Theatre League and other people's dramatic groups. The School has developed in the course of four years into an institution with more than 150 students and 20 professional instructors and this year plans its own coöperative production groups to present plays of social import in New York City.

What's on the Air?

Premier Mitchell Hepburn of Ontario and Governor Frank Murphy of Michigan speak at the Port Huron Bridge dedication, Saturday, October 8, 12:30 P.M., CBS.

Edward R. Murrow, Dr. John Dewey, Dr. John W. Studebaker, Reuben T. Shaw, F. Trubee Davison and Louis W. Curtis speak on a preview of the "American School of the Air" series, Saturday, October 8, 9 P.M., CBS.

Lawrence K. Frank, assistant of the Macy Foundation, talks on "Science and Human Progress," the first in a series called "Frontiers of Democracy," Monday, October 10, 2:30 P.M., CBS.

Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg of Michigan speaks on "The Agricultural Situation," Monday, October 10, 9:30 P.M., NBC-Blue Network.

Senator Joseph C. O'Mahoney of Wyoming speaks on "The Anti-Monopoly Bill," Tuesday, October 11, 1:30 P.M., NBC-Blue Network.

Representative Wright Patman of Texas speaks on "Absentee Ownership of Business," Tuesday, October 11, 4 P.M., CBS.

A program arranged by the Coöperative League of the United States, Tuesday, October 11, 10:45 P.M., CBS.

President Roosevelt speaks on "Mobilization for Human Needs," Friday, October 14, 10 P.M., CBS.

All times given are Eastern Standard Time.

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Steinbeck: Through a Glass, Though Brightly

"THE LONG VALLEY" [1] carries its readers back to Steinbeck's first published volume, "The Pastures of Heaven." Here is the same beautiful countryside, with the same inhabitants—the half-wits, the delightful Mexican peasantry, the Americans who are either healthy normal farmers or interesting psychological freaks. It is true that in "The Long Valley" there are also vigilantes and Communists, to remind us that times change, but since Steinbeck is concerned not with external facts, but only with their odd states of mind when lynching or being lynched, they do not jar against the general tone of the picture. They take their place in the immemorial spectacle of the ill fated race of men.

Surely no one writes lovelier stories, yielding a purer pleasure. Here are tragedy and suffering and violence, to be sure, but with all that is sharp and harsh distilled to a golden honey, ripe and mellow. Even cruelty and murder grow somehow pastoral, idyllic, seen through this amber light, as one might watch the struggles of fishes and water snakes in the depths of a mountain pool. Beyond question, Steinbeck has a magic to take the sting out of reality and yet leave it all there except the sting. Perhaps it is partly the carefulness of his art, with endless pains devising and arranging every detail until all fits perfectly and is smooth and suave as polished ivory. But probably it is more the enchantment of his style, of that liquid melody which flows on and on until even such an experience as a man's dying of thirst in the morning sunlight among remote and rocky hills can seem not altogether ugly, because it has become a legendary thing that happened once upon a time.

Proper distance, I think, is the secret of this effect—to place people not too close or too far away. In the middle distance they cannot touch us, and yet we can see their performances with the greatest clarity and fullness. Detachment, of course, is the essential: we are here to contemplate only, like the Lucretian gods but less remote. We feel the appropriate emotions—pity, sympathy, terror and horror even—but with the delightful sense that we are apart, in the audience, and that anyhow nothing can be done or needs to be done. Such a form of contemplation—which some would like to have the function of all art—is so agreeable, presumably, because it frees us from all responsibility. It is a tremendous relief to get rid of our ordinary burden of feeling implicated in human destinies.

Such seems to me the attitude that is induced not only by Steinbeck's earliest and latest work, but by almost all of it, and that largely accounts for his popularity. "Tortilla Flat," with its rococo comedy, ironic and romantic, ornate and mannered, may be a photographically accurate portrayal of the poor Mexicans of Monterey, but it leaves its readers amused and incredulous onlookers. Is "Of Mice and Men" an exception? It has more reality than "Tortilla Flat" of course; its dialogue is extraordinarily lifelike and lively, as is most of Steinbeck's talk, for he is amazingly observant; but George and Lennie seem to me unbelievable—the flavor of grenadine is too strong. In any case, even if there have been half-wits as amiable as Lennie with friends as devoted as George, the question is not of reality, but of the attitude toward reality. Does anyone, in reading the book, participate in the fate of these men as their inevitable doom rolls upon them? Or does one watch merely, without sharing?

Steinbeck's reticence threatened to give way at least once: in his least successful novel, "To a God Unknown," a strange and puzzling version of the Joseph story, full of myths and symbols and mystical identification with the earth. The hero, who is one with the processes of life in nature and men, finds himself comprehending all people so thoroughly that he can have relations with none. After his brother's murder, he says to his father's spirit:

> Thomas and Burton [his other brothers] are allowed their likes and dislikes, only I am cut off. I am cut off. I can have neither good luck nor bad luck. I can have no knowledge of any good or bad. Even a pure true feeling of the difference between pleasure and pain is denied me. All things are one, and all a part of me. . . . Benjy is dead, and I am neither glad nor sorry. There is no reason for it to me. It is just so. I know now, my father, what you were—lonely beyond feeling loneliness, calm because you had no contact.

So might Steinbeck's reader, whether rightly or wrongly, be tempted to speak to him. In "To a God Unknown" he seems for once to commit himself to a point of view, of identification with everything and detachment from everybody.

A reader of the passage just quoted can hardly help thinking of Steinbeck's neighbor, Robinson Jeffers. As writers the two have little in common, but they do share this detachment, and furthermore they share a preoccupation with physical suffering, cruelty and violence. Are these two qualities related? When a man becomes too aloof from mankind, so that the life of men turns for him into a mere esthetic spectacle to be exploited for its various notes and colors, does his human nature revenge itself by forcing upon him an obsession with power in its most repulsive forms? Is a surrender of humanity and an assumption of godhead likely to lead to such a result? Perhaps one observation might be permitted to a reader: that a taste for books which place one in the situation of a superior being above the fever and the fret and apart from one's fellows may be an undesirable taste. Apparently many people reconcile themselves to being human only with great difficulty and would much prefer to be almost anything else—a mountain or a beast or a god—in order to escape the limitations and troubles and obligations of humanity; but the literature which encourages these impossible fancies may not be very good literature.

It will be objected that these are social and moral considerations: so they are, but none the less appropriate to literature, a social and moral art. But to take the esthetic view, and to return to Steinbeck, it may be asked whether detachment is good for a writer's writing—or whether "detached" writing makes the best reading. To stand aside and contemplate these creatures with pity or with admiration—it is not so interesting as to get inside them and par-

[1] The Long Valley, by John Steinbeck. New York: The Viking Press. $2.50.

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ticipate in their living. For one thing, the detachment is relatively monotonous, and leads to monotony—as well as to languor and softness, however seductive—of style. No first-rate novelist or playwright, I venture to say, has gone in for detachment or imposed it upon his readers, but quite the reverse: the best impose the most complete participation.

Steinbeck's finest work affords a case in point. "In Dubious Battle" tells of a fruitpickers' strike led by Communists. To be sure, one may surmise that the author speaks through the mouth of the doctor who sees little difference between men and microbes, who doesn't "want to put on the blinders of 'good' and 'bad,' and limit" his vision, yet who wishes to give help to men who need it simply because they need it. But, however that may be, "In Dubious Battle" achieves an effect that none of Steinbeck's other books does: the reader does not stand by and look on; he lives through the strike, he shares it and takes part in it. To be sure, there are stiff and awkward passages of philosophizing, and the hero does not come out at all clearly, but these are minor blemishes. The strike and the strikers are directly and immediately conveyed, with none of the magic or the safety of distance.

"In Dubious Battle" is by all odds Steinbeck's best book because it is far and away the best written. Perhaps for once his material ran away with him; at any rate his style disappears into the material and they become indistinguishable. Here is none of that mellifluous and silky flow, of that saying that things were fierce and harsh and savage in the sweetest and most musical of words. The writing, sharp, energetic and unnoticeable, follows and fits the stuff, and is worthy of it: more could hardly be said. For the story is the tragedy not of one but of many individuals—it is a national tragedy told through individuals. The theme is great, the execution excellent. And incidentally it has more sheer excitement than anything else of Steinbeck's. Yet the American public would have none of it. The public probably does not want to get too close to any reality that amounts to anything. It prefers rococo Mexicans and saccharine half-wits carefully kept in the middle distance.

It must be said, however, that "In Dubious Battle" now shares its excellence, though nothing else, with the series of four stories which conclude "The Long Valley." These stories concern a little boy and his ponies, his parents, his grandfather and the hired man. They are so well told it is hard to see how they could be better. Delicate and sure, they attain perfection in their kind. And here is no detachment, no distance. The writing is reserved and economical, but it leads straight into the characters and the relations among them. In this respect "The Red Pony" shows a gain over "In Dubious Battle," in which necessarily the emphasis was upon external action. That "The Long Valley" should close so well is auspicious.

T. K. WHIPPLE

Books in Review

Mathematics of Domination[1]

THE MATERIAL GAINS of the Russian Revolution have been many. Because of these gains, and because the Soviet Union is so obviously sincere in its desire for world peace, Western liberals have hesitated to admit to themselves that there can be such a study as the psychopathology of dictatorships. Since science insists upon classification, and upon the "statement of uniformity" known as scientific law, any laboratory comparison of Hitler's or Mussolini's monolithic system with Stalin's might lead to unpleasant conclusions. Fearful of providing reactionaries with propagandistic ammunition, liberals have dodged a comparison that must be made by any sincere student of the phenomena of power. The result has been some twenty years of relative sterility in political thinking, which remains in 1938 more or less at the point where Lenin dropped it in "The State and Revolution."

This has been singularly unfortunate from the liberal's own point of view. For, although the average liberal talks a lot about "democracy," he has had no intellectual weapons with which to defend or advance his position. The liberal can't advocate capitalist democracy, for that system (as we know it in America) has resulted in a denial of economic freedom to millions. On the other hand the liberal knows in his heart that dictatorship, whether of the Stalin or Hitler variety, results in a denial of political freedom to everybody but the *de-facto* bosses of the party machine. And since the liberal is, by definition, interested in all types of freedom, political as well as economic, he is reduced in the arguments that rage to the position of a hopeful cipher. Nor will he ever transcend that role until he dares adventure upon the study of the psychopathology of dictatorship. Such a study would not lead him to "reaction"; it would, on the contrary, lead him to a revived interest in syndicalism, distributivism, guild socialism—all the radical philosophies that once seemed to promise a blend of both political and economic freedom. Marxist orthodoxy, which lists such radical variants as heresy, would, of course, rage mightily at any such revival. But if the liberal can't stand the strain of contumely he is a worm that deserves no better fate than a midnight visitation from the Ogpu or the Gestapo.

All of this is by way of preface to Bertrand Russell's "Power: A New Social Analysis." Not being a worm, Bertrand Russell is one liberal who dares investigate his subject. His book is fresh, stimulating, wholly unorthodox. And it leads to one conclusion: economic self-interest is not necessarily the fundamental motive in the social sciences, as both the classical economists and Marx have assumed. Love of power, says Russell, is equally fundamental. It is not enough for liberals to fight the capitalistic "law of mo-

[1] Power: A New Social Analysis, by Bertrand Russell. New York: W. W. Norton and Company. 305 pages. $3.

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tion" that leads to a concentration of productive wealth in a few private hands. One must also fight the "law of motion" that leads, under any system, toward a concentration of power in a few hands. Bertrand Russell is no enemy of public or collective ownership. But he is eloquent about "the dangers of State socialism divorced from democracy." Unfortunately, this eloquence comes at the end of his book. "Power" thus closes where I would like to see a book by Bertrand Russell begin. For it is not enough to say that we "must" preserve democracy in the non-exploiting society of the future. The ways and means must be indicated, too. Which leads me back to my preface: we must have a revival of those philosophies which promise a blend of political and economic liberty. Bertrand Russell once wrote an admirably clear book called "Proposed Roads to Freedom." It is time for him to bring it up to date in the light of Russian, German, Scandinavian, Spanish and American experiences since Versailles.

Bertrand Russell's first great disillusion came when he realized that geometry depended not on irrefutable proof but on axioms which were "assumed" to be true. He soon recovered from the shock, probably because the self-evident nature of the Euclidean postulates seemed enough. Now that he is deep in social science Bertrand Russell does not waste any breath over social axioms: he assumes as a "self-evident truth" that whatever is humanly good is embodied in individuals, not primarily in communities. That axiom may lead one astray in many directions, but it cannot lead to State-worship, or party worship, or institution-worship—and it leaves Bertrand Russell free to anatomize any and all types of organization, which is all that is necessary when one is writing a book on power. Different organizations, Russell notes, bring different types of men to the top. But a comparison of organizations—whether economic, military, ecclesiastical, police or propagandistic—reveals the same psychopathology of power. Whether it is Rockefeller, or Napoleon, or Torquemada, or Yagoda, or Göbbels, no individual can be trusted with too much power. Even when individuals are supremely disinterested—as Lenin and Cromwell were disinterested—the result is unsatisfactory. For not even disinterested dictators can inculcate self-reliance in the next generation. Russell combs thirty centuries of history to find exceptions to his rule; he finds none.

Russell's conclusion is, of course, that power must be tamed. But as to ways and means of taming, Russell is sketchy; he falls back at the close on our old friend, the "liberal educator." This educator, says Russell, should teach children to distrust eloquence and to have "a sense of the value of things other than domination." This is all very well, but the issue cuts considerably deeper, as Russell himself contends in his historical chapters. The liberal educator would have no chance of teaching anything in a society that is ruled by any of the forms of naked power. But how to keep power from becoming naked? Personally, I have come more and more to believe in the virtues of a mixed economy, with organizations formed primarily to check the power and propaganda of other organizations. This negativism—or limited positivism—does not satisfy monists, who believe in apocalyptic victories, but it leaves plenty of interstices in which personal freedom may flourish. Again returning to the preface to this review, I should like to see the doctrines of syndicalism and guild socialism revised and brought up to date, with provision made for better economic representation in our Congress.

I commend this non-apocalyptic suggestion to Russell in hopes that he will unravel its implications in his next book.

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

The Epicurean Stoic

Letters of Henry Adams, Vol. II: 1892-1918, edited by Worthington C. Ford. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 682 pages. $4.50.

THE REPUTATION of Henry Adams reached its highest point during the 1920's, when the mood of his autobiography echoed the mood of a whole generation of floundering American intellectuals. That high point was reached, as it happens, before any thought could be taken of his letters, most of which have been published since. The letters do not invalidate the "Education," but they enlarge and alter the portrait of Adams himself and seem, if not his most solid memorial, by far his most characteristic. Adams stands out from them much less of a sage, but much more of a human being, and possessed of a new talent to preserve his reputation: he was a first-rate letter-writer, probably the best that this country has produced.

The test of a great letter-writer is his ability to be interesting when his subject matter is not; and Adams very nearly meets this test. He has something of the eighteenth century's gift of respecting the tastes of whomever he was writing to; much of its gift for the right phrase, the right allusion, the right detail; and all of its gift for going at the job in earnest while bringing it off with the lightest of hands. His admiration of Horace Walpole is not strange: the two men had much in common. Each was born into a great political family and each became a perfectly placed observer of politics. Each was near the center of the most distinguished society of his time. Each was fastidious, each a snob, and each deprecated old age while fully appreciating its privileges. The similarity would be remarkable if only Walpole, like Adams, had had a brain, a conscience and a masculine make-up.

As sheer letter-writing this second volume of Adams' letters is disappointing compared to the first. It is less tidy; it is much less ingratiating; and it is much more deficient in literary charm. But these matters apart, it has perhaps the greater interest. To begin with, it comes much closer to our own day and trades in personalities whom we know and care much more about. It portrays the Adams who, after his wife's suicide, ranged the world in search of new interests and was brought, from a study of world chaos, to his bitter and unmanageable philosophy of life. Finally, these letters fill that gap of a dozen years between the writing of the "Education" and the death of its author—years that have lain blank in our knowledge of Adams' activities.

What largely dislocated Adams, beyond the tragedy of his married life, was his heritage; and it is plain that while all of his heritage sat hard upon him, the aristocratic side sat harder than the republican. In Henry the Adams blood had become immensely richer, but the fiber much less tough. He remained, what all his forebears had been, a censor; but he turned into a fireside Cato, which is hardly a

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Cato at all, and while sternly preaching a Stoic morality, acquired inveterate Epicurean habits. He saw what had happened to America during his own lifetime—"Grant's administration," he writes, "is to me the dividing line between what we hoped and what we got"—he saw the vulgarity in America, the corruption, the rise to absolute power of a banking civilization; but much as he was shocked, much as he was agitated, he was soured even more. Once he had perhaps craved power; then he had recognized the price at which power is got; from then on, it was only possible to dissent in a spirit too closely and too comfortably allied to cynicism to carry any weight. In these letters, the critic on the sidelines is indignant and sharp enough, but with a habit of destructive criticism that loses its punch from being unvaried and incessant; and so far as its usefulness enters in, it is the voice of someone who has gone, not into opposition, but into retirement. Even at its best it is self-indulgent, not self-effacing. At its worst it is querulous and cynical: the Pullman strike, for example, draws from Adams only the snide and shallow phrase, "Dictator Debs"; the Dreyfus case reveals a strange irony, and a stranger callousness and the Zola of "J'Accuse" provokes this outburst:

> I am almost more interested to hear that Zola is sent to prison. If he did not deserve it for the special offense, he did for his novels; and on the whole I think he had better have joined his friend Dreyfus on the Devil's Island some time ago.

From the opposite point of view, he took the measure of Cleveland, Blaine, McKinley, Taft; Henry Cabot Lodge was "the true type of successful cant, who grabs everything and talks pure rot to order"; John Hay was "one wheel in the old machine of Hanna and Pierpont Morgan"; T. R. was "infantile" and "insane." Nevertheless, Roosevelt, Hay and Lodge were among his most intimate friends.

To Adams himself the tragedy of his life lay in the fact that he was born out of his time, into a world he could neither accept nor cope with; and his analysis of that world, in the "Education," is final enough. But for us it must seem equally plain that he was paralyzed by being unable to separate himself from, not merely his class, but his clan: socially a Hay or Cabot Lodge was meat and drink to him, where a Whitman or a Debs would have been unendurable poison. The positive side of the man was his lifelong search —though it was a search on his own terms—for focus, for education; but the negative and devouring side, the letters make clear, was a protracted fight against ennui. The "Education" provides the moral of Adams' life, but the letters provide the record. The letters present a Henry Adams who was much less a student, an artist or a philosopher than an extraordinarily fastidious and distinguished *homme du monde*. The conversation of worldly men and witty women, the atmosphere—a little cluttered with bric-a-brac—of a cultivated drawing-room, the pleasures of the table, or travel, of really well conducted society—these things tended to reduce all Adams' reading and thinking, all his moral speculation, all his scientific curiosity, to the level of the amateur. Moreover, the perfect social climate was hard to find. Boredom and squeamishness, no less than disillusionment and moral indignation, took their toll of Adams; it is hard to say how much, as he grew older, his cosmic misgivings got confused with his personal disappointments. All through the letters, at any rate, there runs a kind of dyspeptic note. There are repeated references to failure; but the true failure was not one of achievement, it was one of adjustment. Reason merely completed the disaster that temperament had begun. Long before the end, all Henry Adams could see ahead was socialism or chaos; with one part of his mind he regretted he could not accept socialism, for he "should have been a Marxist" and he had never read a book "which had taught him so much" as "Das Kapital"; but caught in the trap of Bostonianism and bric-a-brac, it was chaos he preferred.

LOUIS KRONENBERGER

Good Science for the Citizen

Science for the Citizen, by Lancelot Hogben. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1,104 pages. $5.

IT IS NOT the vastness of its scope or the lucidity of its style that makes this book a triumph in scientific writing. It is the fact that Hogben has carved out new paths and discovered new horizons in regions where nothing but confusion had previously prevailed. "Science for the Citizen" is both a clearly organized and fascinating account of the most significant facts and hypotheses in the fields of astronomy, physics, chemistry, physiology, morphology, genetics and related subjects, and at the same time a history of European thought and culture from the standpoint of progress in the sciences. But the correlation of this progress with the social background and economic needs of contemporary society is the outstanding feature of this book. Had Hogben contributed nothing else, "Science for the Citizen" would have been an indispensable text for any intelligent scientist or layman.

What makes the subject matter so absorbing is Hogben's philosophic outlook. Believing as he does that scientific progress is inextricably linked with economic needs and prevailing social organizations and beliefs, he treats his material in a new fashion. Thus, the principles of geography and astronomy are not laid down as wisdom gathered in the course of time through the intellectual efforts of a few wise men indulging in pure and continuous accumulation of facts and theories inspired by "pure intellect." They are treated rather as knowledge harvested in the course of man's struggle with nature, conditioned by the social environment of the time, speeded or impeded by economic needs and current conceptions. The effect on the reader is remarkable. Facts, hypotheses and theorems which had to be memorized in the past as dull but necessary, suddenly acquire a sparkling vitality when presented in the light of the economic conditions at their birth and the social and cultural background of their appearance. Professor Hogben's treatment of the rise of modern astronomy against the background of the social and economic conditions of antiquity and the Middle Ages, and his similar treatment in the second section of the rise of chemistry from the practices of the ancient world to the stimulation of modern industry, are only two examples of this mode of approach. The remaining three sections of his book dealing with physics, biology and medicine, and human behavior, the latter treated briefly and factually rather than speculatively, are pursued in the same novel vein.

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Several features contribute to Hogben's success. One could not fail to mention the vastness of scope; the novelty of a sound materialist and economic interpretation freed from post-Marxist dogma; the sensitively humanitarian and democratic approach to society; the author's vast erudition in all fields of culture not directly relevant to the point at issue, so that every problem is illustrated by historical and cultural anecdotes that charm the reader and keep his interest at high pitch through eleven hundred pages; and finally the lucidity and brilliance of Hogben's style, which banishes mystery from its time-honored strongholds.

It is obvious that Hogben's aim is not merely to summarize the experimental and theoretical findings of science for the benefit of the average citizen. The book is as much a treatise in philosophy, cultural history and social evolution as it is in scientific progress. As Hogben convincingly shows, these fields are closely connected, being different aspects of the same process—man's interaction with nature, his acquisition of knowledge and power over its forces in the course of his struggle for economic survival under given social conditions.

Step by step, the author builds up a sound social philosophy based on the utilization of science for human welfare as one aspect of "the impact of science on society." The book ends with a chapter called "The New Social Contract," in which Hogben offers some stimulating suggestions for the application of scientific knowledge to social progress in these economically and politically distressing times. He is humble enough not to proclaim pompous "scientific" laws of social progress or political action, and consequently renders great service to the growing movement of Scientific Humanism. This movement has for its aim concrete and immediate but undogmatic steps in the struggle for a better society—one in which science will be utilized to the advantage of an economically, socially and politically democratic humanity freed from exploitation, wars, class or race hatred and other superstitions concocted purely as apology for selfish interests or obsolescent institutions.

It is not without significance that this first truly successful attempt at an economic interpretation of scientific and cultural progress did not come from an orthodox Marxist. Instead it was written by an outstanding scientist of wide erudition, of progressive and democratic social convictions, a thoroughgoing materialist of broad cultural interests, but unhampered by post-Marxist, "dialectic" dogma or Hegelian abracadabra. Such phrases as "dialectic relationship," "unity of theory and practice," "negation of contradictions," "harmony of opposites," "economic interpretations," etc., have been muttered and chanted in the Soviet Union and piously repeated elsewhere for the last twenty years. The only concrete outcome of this "Prussian jargon," as Hogben once termed it, has been that unmentionable atrocity in book form called "Science at the Crossroads." Ironically but significantly, it is the work of Hogben which proves that the philosophical seeds of Marx and Engels can bear fruit if the soil is good and if it is tilled and fertilized in the modern way.

Special thanks are due to Mr. Horrabin for his abundant illustrations. They are ingenious, helpful, often whimsical and invariably so attractive as to help smuggle across genuinely difficult concepts.

MARK GRAUBARD

History Without Tears

The Gateway to History, by Allan Nevins. New York: D. Appleton-Century Company. 412 pages. $4.

ONLY A SOCIETY deeply convinced of its own unending growth, thought Hegel, could be truly historic. In its past, it would read confirmation of its *Werden*, its continuous unfolding. Is the rising aversion to historical literature in most countries a sign of the weakening conviction of progress in Western society? Up to a hundred or even fifty years ago, "general readers" found support for their optimism in the positive pages of Gibbon, Macaulay, Bancroft, Thiers and Mommsen. Today they buy biographies, perhaps in the belief that only the exceptional individual, or a dictator, has chances left in this life. Professor Nevins' attempt to repopularize history is in itself a symptom of this disintegration, this crisis in historiography. It is the endeavor of a practitioner to persuade the public that history is still relevant to its existence.

To this modern public, thirsting for reassurance, it would be absurd, if not fatal, to offer additional doubts, making the past as perplexing as the future. But what can be done in the face of the present crisis in historiography? Certitudes can hardly be furnished by those who regard history as a science of the human spirit, concerned with unique events that cannot be treated generically, and not as a natural science dealing with recurrent events covered by laws. The whole "critique of historical reason" built up by Droysen, Rickert, Windelband and Cournot, leaves us with fresh doubts behind us, if not ahead.

But Professor Nevins declines such epistemological and other explorations; he bars these inquiries at his "Gateway to History," though some backwash may seep through cracks in his logical edifice. His aim is to offer certainties and he avoids doubt (if none too deftly) by a personal resolution and advice to stop "worrying about that pseudo-philosophic jargon upon Historismus, frames of reference . . . which I no more understand than do most of its users." His "Gateway" bears no warning device, like the entrance to Dante's Inferno, reminding visitors of the quagmires of disillusion provided by lugubrious Continentals. The cheerful "Doric entrance," as he calls it, is inscribed: Come in, ye people! All within, or nearly all, is light and law and progress; history is amusing, even thrilling, but practical. Anything can get inside a portal so wide as his definition of history as "any integrated narrative or description of past events written in a spirit of critical inquiry for the whole truth." That would include even paleontology.

In time, he says, history will "present a complete and exact picture of the past." (But so much is, and remains, *temps perdu!*) It will also offer certainties in the future, for historians will "formulate conclusions as to tendencies and lay these down as laws," and on the basis of this new soothsaying, statesmen can "chart on general lines their immediate forward course." Unfortunately the one "law" cited in illustration is hardly a prop for statesmen: revolutions originate among fairly prosperous, and not among utterly wretched populations, as shown by the English, French, American and Russian upheavals. Leaving aside the circumstance that even in these, certain miserable

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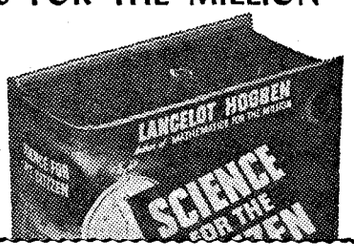

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groups revolted with others, more comfortable but with grievances—how does this "law" cover the several revolutions of 1848, products of sheer misery?

Many of his American illustrations form a useful addendum to the largely European material in handbooks like those of Bernheim and Seignobos. But where he ventures on European ground, he makes numerous errors. His misstatements on Hegel, Ranke, Mommsen and others are serious. There was no such "German Government" in 1826 as he implies; the Czech name for Königinhof is not Kyrlaove Hradec (Königgrätz) but Dur Kralovec; not Arnold but Stefan Zweig wrote on Marie Antoinette. Spengler's "Decline of the West" is called a product of a defeated Germany's pessimism—though it was written far earlier and voiced the hope of a German victory in December, 1917. To have Albert Mathiez write a "Radical Socialist, even a Communist, thesis" betrays a lack of familiarity with the French party system. The Germans have a *Geistesleben*, but no *Geistleben*. And while Marx may have been "pas Marxiste," it is unlikely that he ever said "Je ne suis pas *un* Marxiste." ALFRED VAGTS

Sermon with a Camera

American Photographs, by Walker Evans. New York: The Museum of Modern Art. 200 pages, 87 plates. $2.50.

THIS IS an eight-by-nine book of eighty-seven photographs on glazed paper. The pictures were taken in the Eastern part of the United States during the past seven years by a man named Walker Evans, as a record of what was in that place for Mr. Evans to see and what Mr. Evans saw there in that time.

In a work of art place is everything.

Evans' photographs represent, as Lincoln Kirstein says in his notes to the book, a straight puritanical stare—though not entirely without humor. There is much in them strongly reminiscent of the early practitioners of the photographic art. The composition is of secondary importance in these clear statements. Their type of beauty permits little of that.

The book is in two parts, about evenly divided between portraits and architecture, the products and remains of a life that is constantly in process of passing. The range is from "Parked Car, Small Town Main Street, 1932," to "Tin Relic, 1931"; and from "Alabama Cotton Tenant Farmer's Wife, 1936," to "Maine Pump, 1933." They particularize, as Atget did for the Paris of his day. By this the eye and, consequently, the mind are induced to partake of the list that has been prepared—that we may know it.

The total effect is of a social upheaval, not a photographic picnic. But that's not all. These are without question works of art having their own identity, their own flavor, their own breath by which they live for us—and without which we shouldn't look at them past Sunday afternoon. They're good and reward repeated examination.

I'm glad that Evans has promenaded his eyes about America rather than France in this case. We go about blind and deaf. We fight off convictions that we should welcome as water in the desert, could we possibly get ourselves into the right mind. The artist must save us. He's

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the only one who can. First we have to see, be taught to see. We have to be taught to see *here*, because here is everywhere, related to everywhere else.

Of only one thing, relative to a work of art, can we be sure: it was bred of a place. It comes from an application of the senses to that place, a music, and that place can be the middle of the African jungle, the Mexican plateau, a Parisian whorehouse, a room where Oxford chippies sip tea together or a downhill street in a Pennsylvania small town. It is the particularization of the universal that is important. It is the unique field of the artist, and Evans is an artist.

It is ourselves we see, ourselves lifted from a parochial setting. We see what we have not heretofore realized, ourselves made worthy in our anonymity. What the artist does applies to everything, every day, everywhere to quicken and elucidate, to fortify and enlarge the life about him and make it eloquent—to make it scream, as Evans does at times, or gurgle, laugh and speak masterfully when the occasion offers.

So here's a book of photographs about America. It's not the first, perhaps not even the best book of pictures of us, but it's an eloquent one, one of the most fluent I have come across and enjoyed. The pictures are for the most part mild, but in spite of this, though always exquisitely clear in reasoning and in visual quality, they pack a wicked punch. There's nothing oppressively "photographic" here, it isn't a long nose poking into dirty corners for propaganda and for scandal, there are no trick shots, the composition isn't a particular feature—but the pictures talk to us. And they say plenty. WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS

Trial Balance

Farewell the Banner: "Three Persons and One Soul"—Coleridge, Wordsworth and Dorothy, by Frances Winwar. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 360 pages. $3.50.

THE QUESTION whether Coleridge or Wordsworth gained more from their mutual friendship is the central theme of Miss Winwar's biographical story. Here were two poets, neither of whom had previously been very impressive, suddenly, within a year of their intimacy together, reaching supreme achievement. What had each done to bring into being a virtue so different from his own? And which, if either, had thereby worked more magically?

To these questions Miss Winwar brings, if no new materials, a clear and dramatic answer. Like her previous work, "Farewell the Banner" pretends less to scholarly revelation than to a heightened and brightly colored rendering of her characters. And it still has, though in diminished seriousness, some of the faults of that previous work. Historical background and minor figures are not fused with her story, but protrude, lumpy and digressive, slabs of alien material. And too frequently in the style there is a turgid emotionalism like a seething beneath the surface of a pudding. Against these defects Miss Winwar brings the virtue of setting Wordsworth and Coleridge in a new and suggestive light.

She believes that if Wordsworth stimulated Coleridge's brief fruitfulness, so haunting and ineluctable, he was also responsible for its early decay. And Coleridge gave more than he received, for while Wordsworth was still entangled

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in the artificialities of poetic diction Coleridge had already —as Quiller-Couch observed—achieved the characteristic "Wordsworthian" note in "The Aeolian Harp," "This Lime-Tree Bower My Prison" and "Frost at Midnight." But, going beyond Quiller-Couch, Miss Winwar feels that in the end Wordsworth destroyed Coleridge's creative pride.

Wordsworth had returned from France and his affair with Annette Vallon, troubled with secret guilt. Encased in an immovable conviction of his own genius, he was nevertheless deeply wounded in his self-esteem; it made him forever after hold aloof from passion. To that wound Coleridge brought a selfless adulation, a healing bounty of worship. Without thinking himself less, he proclaimed, he was "a little man" beside Wordsworth. He made himself, like Dorothy Wordsworth, a selfless counterpart to Wordsworth but, more than Dorothy, one whose mind could sow the seeds of philosophic imagination in Wordsworth's slow and reluctant soil. His own superior genius allowed, Wordsworth was willing to praise. Their relation brought Coleridge the directive force of a more self-contained spirit, and the friendship of one who for him was almost divine.

But the gift was dangerous. With his love Coleridge brought a need for affection so tremulous as to wither under dispraise. Wordsworth, too self-sufficient to realize such a need, and too immersed in his own genius to understand another man's, drew away when the relation became a drain on him. "The Ancient Mariner" and "Kubla Khan" were alien to his sympathies, and with unconscious cruelty he let Coleridge see that to his idol he was a failure. The god had spoken; Coleridge would write no more. Imagination and desire guttered like a candle, partly extinguished, partly put out in a strange despairing suicide, the magnificent and tragic "Dejection" ode its last blaze. And at last he knew that he had never had the reality even of Wordsworth's friendship, "but only that semblance of friendship, the being pleased with my admiration and attachment." He tangled himself in the spiderwebs of metaphysics, and spoke no more as a poet. The man of self also met his fate: the walls he had built to ensure his serenity became the tomb of the poet he too once had been.

Such is Miss Winwar's interpretation, and I think that largely it is true. Her sympathies are so much with Coleridge that although she tries to be just to Wordsworth she only half portrays him. She brings out the cold egoist and spiritual valetudinarian, but not the great and wise poet Coleridge was not wrong in revering. It is this warmth of partisanship that colors her narrative with overintense emotionalism and a little too much determination to squeeze the last drip of pathos out of her story. But despite these deficiencies she has drawn what seems the essential truth of their relationship in a revealing portrait. EDGAR JOHNSON

Keats as Doctor and Patient, by Sir William Hale-White. New York: The Oxford University Press. 96 pages. $2. Fanny Keats, by Marie Adami. New Haven: Yale University Press. 307 pages. $3.

Dr. Hale-White's monograph establishes two points about Keats: first, that although he decided not to practise the profession Abbey had chosen for him, he was an able student and was glad he had enlarged his knowledge

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by learning it; and, second, that his illness was probably contracted in nursing his brother Tom, not on the Scotch walking tour that has been blamed for it.

"Fanny Keats" is valuable chiefly for the light it throws on Keats as a wise and affectionate elder brother. The story of Fanny's earlier life, deriving its most vivid colors from Keats's own letters to her, has a translucent charm; the later part, when she had become the matriarch of a Spanish household, grays into a faded daguerreotype.

E. J.

Death Is Otherwise

Death of a World, by Jules Romains. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

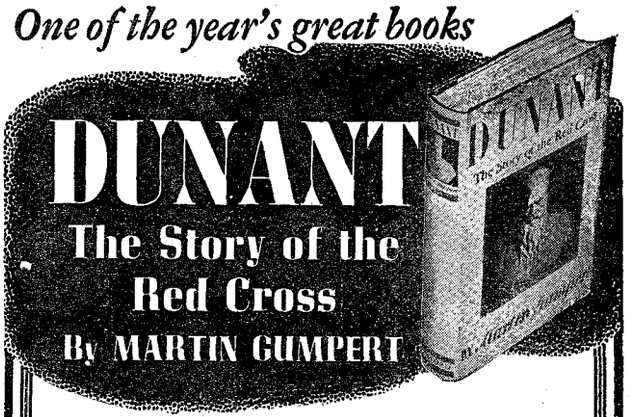
THERE WAS A TIME when one believed that "Men of Good Will" would achieve grandeur. The promised music never sounded, and as one reads on, particularly in these volumes XIII and XIV included in "Death of a World," one's fear that it will never sound becomes a certainty. The work has become a competent piece of *Kapellmeister* music: sober, dignified and thoroughly worthy, at times distinguished though somewhat scared of beauty, and at times a little boring. One praises the sustained effort, and is glad to read contemporary fiction which avoids meretriciousness like the plague, and that is all.

It is the world as it was, or as he saw it, on the eve of the Great War, which M. Romains describes.—Poincaré sends an intelligent young priest to Rome to spy on the anti-French activities of the Papal Secretary of State. Two young scientists vainly try to interest medical pundits in some brilliant research; a psychopathic murderer is drawn toward another crime; a little dog plans love with a sweetly smelling but slightly oversized bitch; a Baltic baron converses first with Lenin and then with the Kaiser; a gentleman of experience reasons about his approaching marriage; and war breaks out in the last paragraph; politicians of the Left converse; the armament manufacturer expresses himself gloomily.

These are the principal elements in "Death of a World" and, for the most part, as separate elements they are interesting. There are passages of biting satire, as in the laboratory scene, where Robertet, the pundit who has written a monograph on the variations in temperature observed in the domestic hen, pompously bullies the young men probing with new methods at the heart of a psychological problem. There is a certain vitality in the Roman scenes, and one is given a pretty picture of the complex intrigues at the Papal Court. (But how Stendhal of "The Charterhouse of Parma" would have handled this!) Sometimes there is penetrating criticism, as in Jerphanion's description of an unpleasant Youth Movement. "Their passion for action is the result, merely, of their hatred of thought," M. Romains says of them. And in Jallez's discovery of London there is much good poetry. Yet, despite these excellent things, the book seems unreal.

The weakness of M. Romains' method, of compiling biographies which do not—or only rarely—interest, is demonstrated. In this volume, on the eve of war, when one should have been given a portrait of society, we do not get it. Despite the somewhat improbable encounters, this

One of the year's great books



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volume is merely an anatomical chart of one or two organs of the social body.

It is hard, very hard, to see in "Death of a World" any real awareness of the origin or proximity of the Great War, whereas to judge by the present crisis, it should have been easy. At any rate, to read one's daily paper in September, 1938, is to see the parallelogram of strategic forces tugging this way and that. It is true that M. Romains' Baltic baron visits Lenin in Warsaw, and that revolutionary leader makes the only intelligent remarks about war in the book, though just when he should have been reported, the baron found Lenin's analysis boring. Jaurès also is brought in and made to deliver pointed criticism of French capitalists and to express hopeless illusions, but his views clearly are not the author's. Nowhere is there any character or class upon whom responsibility ultimately rests. As I see it, if no place is found for blame, or if cause is nowhere discovered, then the depiction of lives in the moment before calamity is no more significant than a portrait of those lives at other moments.

At insufficient best, M. Romains shows a society that is defective because it is not organized for good will and so charges headlong into evil. It is significant that his last chapter, instead of being a commentary upon the matter of his book, launches upon a bird's-eye view of French history, at times romantic and poetic, at others intellectual and abstract, and always irrelevant to what has gone before. Its opening words are, "Thus it was that this nation of decent folk, of men rather badly dressed, not too well washed and somewhat undersized, prepared to march once again into the pages of history." Oh, indeed? Someone in Dresden sits down to a plate of sauerkraut, a housewife in London changes the sheets, but this does not explain why Death stands over all the world. RALPH BATES

New Books: A Reader's List

EUROPE RE-HOUSED, by Elizabeth Denby (Norton, $3.50). After eight years' practical housing work in London, the author studied the housing movements of France, Germany, Italy, Austria, Sweden and Holland, always keeping an eye cocked for new ideas. Although she has overlooked many facts about the way in which the Italian and German fascists have perverted public housing, her observations are usually fresh and pertinent.

CÉSAR RITZ, by Marie Louise Ritz (Lippincott, $3.50). The story, as told by his wife, of the Swiss cowherd who rose to kingship over hotelkeepers, with "Ritzy" establishments on three continents.

THE TENNESSEE VALLEY AUTHORITY, by Clarence Lewis Hodge (American University Press, $3). A comprehensive description and analysis of the New Deal's foremost experiment in planned regional development, written by one in sympathy with the social objectives involved. Not a "popular" account, but excellent as as source book on regionalism.

GUIDING HUMAN MISFITS, by Alexandra Adler (Macmillan, $1.75). The daughter of the founder of Individual Psychology presents a practical application of his theories. Written for the general public, soundly and simply, it should be of special value to teachers, social workers and parents.

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AMERICA LOOKS ABROAD, by Frederick L. Schuman and George Soule (Foreign Policy Association, 25 cents). A thoughtful debate between two students of the world situation, neither of whom is bound by allegiance to a political party so compelling as to prevent a free and flexible discussion of American foreign policy. Schuman advocates collective security; Soule advocates isolation—by which he means not complete isolation or old-fashioned neutrality but a combination of reciprocal trade treaties, a greater support of democratic countries fighting fascist rebellion, and a complete embargo on scrap steel and petroleum. A stimulating discussion, enriched by some basic agreement as well as difference.

PATCHES OF SUNLIGHT, by Lord Dunsany (Reynal and Hitchcock, $3). Dunsany's autobiography, mostly with emphasis on how his boyhood and later travels and interests were behind his becoming a writer. Forthright, leisurely, too long.

THE JOYFUL DELANEYS, by Hugh Walpole (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50). The decline of English gentry since the World War from the stiff-upper-lip point of view. Wistful thinking throughout, but most of the characters true and complete. Pretty weak on Communists and other moderns.

THE CLEFT STICK, by Walter Greenwood (Stokes, $2.50). Studies of English slum life by the author of "Love on the Dole." The point of almost all of them is hunger and poverty; as stories they are apt to be heavy on the hand through being little more than uninspired statements of fact. Drawings by Arthur Wrogg.

PRELUDE FOR WAR, by Leslie Charteris (Crime Club, $2). The superhuman but rather boring lone-wolf detective discovers and foils a fascist uprising with international complications. Drawn partly from the news; exciting if you're not fussy; insufferably overwritten.

EAST OF THE GIANTS, by George R. Stewart (Holt, $2.50.) The early California of Indian raids and the gold rush, when life seems to have been a succession of one zero hour after another. The big, blonde heroine, appropriately, gets bored when things are soft and cushiony. High-powered action against a rousing background.

MARCH TO QUEBEC, compiled by Kenneth Roberts (Doubleday, Doran, $4). Selections from the source material used in writing "Arundel"—the journals Arnold and some of his men kept of the great march of that army north through the wilderness. Maps and annotations.

WINGS OF GREAT DESIRE, by James Gray (Macmillan, $2.50). A woman's aspirations get a head start on her in childhood and keep well in the lead through a successful career and a crowded old age. A skillful plot, lively dialogue and fallible characters save a story that might easily have been prissy. Worth reading.

PRELUDE TO LOVE, by Jolán Földes, translated by Alexander G. Kenedi and Irwin Shapiro (Farrar and Rinehart, $2.50). The diary of a Hungarian schoolgirl, mostly about her mother, whose numerous love affairs attract her no end. A frothy little novel by a winner of the All-Nations Prize Novel Competition, turned out with charm and coy humor.

FOX IN THE CLOAK, by Harry Lee (Macmillan, $2.50). The old conflict again between security and art, this time addling the thoughts of a young painter in Atlanta. The book gets under way stiffly, with a piling-up of humdrum details—a technique that worked better for portraying a Babbitt than it does here. Told with genuine insight, some commiseration but little charm.

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